The Universalist Leader
A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston September 30, 1922 Chicago

An Interpretation of the 23rd Psalm

In pastures green?
Not always. Sometimes He knoweth best,
In kindness, leadeth me in weary ways
Where heavy shadows be.
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright
Only for this — I know He holds my hand.
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters?
No, no, not always so.
Sometimes the heavy tempests round me blow
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
When the storm beats loudest
And I cry aloud for help,
The Master standeth by and whispers to my soul,
"Lo, it is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies a perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."
So whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell,
Or in the sunless valleys where the shadows be,
What matter? He is there,
And more than this;
Where'er the pathway leads,
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where He leads us we can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter we shall know
Why, in His wisdom,
He hath led us so.

Author Unknown.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editor in Chief

Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.

Associate Editor

John van Schaick. Jr.

Office Staff

F. I. Adams.
C. R. Bullard.
L. W. MacDonald.

Contributing Staff

Herbert S. Bigelow, Eleanor Bisbee, Kenyon L. Butterfield, A. Gertrude Earle, Daniel Evans, Roger S. Galer, Frank Oliver Hall, Jesse H. Holmes, Edwin Markham, Fred A. Moore, Harold H. Niles, John E. Price, Willard C. Selleck, Edwin C. Sweetser, Joseph M. Tilden, Lyman Ward, Stephen S. Wise, Frank D. Adams, Kirby Page, George F. Milton, Jr., Joseph Fort Newton.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year

ENTERED as second clas ma ter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 19 authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and s, ecial contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from epurtable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

The social service that is supreme is not some bit of charitable work, but the following of one's calling as service. Education for social service is to open the eyes of the young to the social nature of their work in life, to purge their minds of a current false notion that to enter one's life work is to take a hand in a poker game, or put on the gloves for a prize fight. (*Edward Alsworth Ross, in "The Social Trend."*)

υ λ

The young are the best material for prophecy, for, as they go, the world will follow two decades hence. The young best know what love is and best feel what it can do. Thus the supreme question which the *Zeitgeist* puts up to young people to-day is to decide whether they wish most to give or to get, whether they will choose the career where they can do most good to-morrow, or take the job that pays best to-day. Whether they follow the precepts of Sterner and Nietzsche, which teach us to maximize our ego, or those of Kropotkin, which teach mutual aid. Whether they prefer the cut-throat methods of competition too prevalent in business, or the co-operative methods by which science, the other great institution of the modern world, has built up. Both individual and group selfishness must be transcended, and nothing less than a new dispensation of service and a new enthusiasm for humanity must be instituted. This will begin, not by concerted and organized movement without, but can take its rise only within the soul of each individual man who dedicates himself to service, and has penetrated to the great secret of the human heart, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." (*G. Stanley Hall.*)

υ λ

In his latest communication to the press, John S. Sumner, friend of censorships, carefully avoids discussing what his critics regard as the matter in dispute. The issue is not whether obscene books should be suppressed. Our laws already adequately provide for this. The controversy is over limitation of the creative and exploring instinct which is the dynamo of literature. May we condemn in advance? The history of the human mind attests the consequences of such mortmain. Austere theology itself suggests the proper rule—the theology that teaches that a man has conferred free-will, while at the same time he is held accountable for the abuse of this freedom. Mr. Sumner might well devote himself to riddling this ancient doctrine, and he will find when he gets it out of theology he must also get it out of our democratic political philosophy. (*New York Tribune.*)

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

The General Convention

President—Mr. R. S. Galer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Chairman of Executive Committee—Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Tufts College, Mass.

Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Treasurer—Mr. J. B. Horton, 6 Park Square, Boston

Chairman of Murray Lectureship and of Denominational Literature—Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., 6 Mystic Valley Parkway, Winchester, Mass.

Women's National Missionary Association

President—Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, O.

Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman—Rev. Fred C. Leining, 38 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.

Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Universalist Comrades

President—Ralph W. E. Hunt, 25 Forest Avenue, Portland, Me.

Secretary—Fred C. Carr, 559 Cranston St., Providence, R. I.

General Sunday School Association

President—Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Japan Mission Council

Chairman—Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., Shichome, Iidamachi, Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

Young People's Christian Union

President—Charles Taylor, Maywood, Ill.

Director of Young People's Work—Rev. Stanley Manning, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Superintendents of Churches

General Superintendent—Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Western Superintendent—Rev. L. R Robinson 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Southern Superintendent—Rev. Francis Britton Bishop, 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.

Southwest Superintendent—Rev. James Houghton, Junction City, Kan.

California—Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., 1363 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.

Connecticut—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven.

Georgia—Rev. A. G. Strain, 332 Simpson St., Atlanta.

Iowa—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville.

Kentucky—Rev. Thomas Chapman, Hopkinsville.

Maine—Rev. Milo G. Folsom, 43 Lincoln Ave., Gardiner. (Acting.)

Massachusetts—Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

New Hampshire—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt. (Acting.)

New Jersey—Rev. H. R. Rose, D. D., 815 S. Eleventh St., Newark.

New York—Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., Carthage.

Ohio—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, 256 Orchard Lane, Columbus.

Rhode Island—Rev. R. R. Hadley, 145 Chester Ave., Providence.

Texas—Rev. R. L. Brooks, Elgin.

Vermont and Quebec—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Is a missionary agency of the Universalist Church.

All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life.

THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 104th Year | New Series | Vol. XXV | No. 39

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

Those who know least are apt to talk most.

* *

The fuse is getting too short for many of us really to enjoy the peace of Europe.

* *

Every Christian church should be a hospital for the treatment and cure of war-fever.

* *

If the profiteer could only see sufficient profit in religion he would cease being a profiteer.

* *

Quite generally our Congressmen are as good as the party electing them, and sometimes better.

* *

We should bear one another's burdens without making our generosity too onerous to be borne.

* *

The man who boasts that he has all his coal in may yet suffer from cold feet before we are back to normalcy.

* *

The national debt does not make many individuals sleepless, and yet in the ultimate the individual pays.

* *

The logic of our faith requires a great national church in our National Capital through which we can speak to the world.

* *

The modern boy may be a little backward in the dead languages but he can both understand and speak the sport-dialect of the day.

* *

The Turk seems to be that rat in the chicken house which we can not catch, but he keeps right on killing the chickens just the same.

* *

If President Harding had not waited until the fruit was ripe before he picked it, we might now have the nation all doubled up with green apple colic.

* *

Our mental condition has a great deal to do with the digestion of what we eat; our financial condition determines whether or not we have anything to eat.

* *

Ten per cent of ten per cent of our population voted for or against Prohibition in the *Literary Digest* poll, and the result shows about ten per cent of ten per cent of any real value.

World-peace with or without victory only awaits enough real Christians who mean what they say.

* *

Now there has been invented a golf machine which provides for indoor and outdoor golf all the year round. A few of us remain who are anxiously asking, When do we eat?

* *

The crimes of the church builders who declare their independence of the wise architect are many, especially when there is much money and little religion with which to build.

* *

There are men and women, it is said, who never drank liquor before the prohibition law was enacted, who are drinking regularly now not because they like it, not because they want it, but just "to show their disapproval of the law!"

* *

The Point of View

Two touring Americans passed over the same route at nearly the same time, and wrote their impressions to the friends at home. To one the conditions were frightful beyond expression; the only thing that really gripped this traveler was the fact that for a few American dollars he could get German marks by the bushel, but could do nothing with them after he got them. The other tourist noted all along the way the prosperity which was in evidence; he found enough to eat, and heard an optimistic note in every word spoken. One prophesied a wonderful future for Germany, while the other pictured a dark outlook. The testimony of either was not worth a cent, the testimony of both taken together, and together with much other testimony, might be illuminating. The fact is both these travelers visited the same city. One went up and down the street, and told the truth as he saw it, the other went up and down another street and told the truth as he saw it! But neither told all the truth. One associated with one kind of people, the other with a different kind, and both told the truth, but may the powers that be preserve us from placing our dependence on either. The man who returns from Europe, proclaiming "I have been there and I know," is usually a blind leader of the blind. He is like unto the man who searches the heavens with a microscope instead of the telescope. Everything is relative, everything is proportionate, the tiny, musical mosquito in Boston Back Bay is more deadly than the roaring

lion in Africa. The bad man in the goodly town may be a paragon of virtue in the slums of a big city, and the "holier than thou" man is going to have the surprise of his life when he gets to heaven—if he ever does! "Verily we know not anything," which fact we should keep thinking when we are tempted to think aloud.

* *

BEGINNINGS

THERE have been one hundred and fifty beginnings since our Church began, each one different, in the nature of things. Somewhere way back, then, near the first beginning, there were only a dozen ministers and a couple of dozen churches or preaching stations, all very small as churches, but here and there, when there was a big personality and preacher, a big congregation, or rather an incoherent mass of people, who rejoiced in a fight and were always ready to go and see one, whether physical or theological. But, on the whole, after some years of effort, the Universalist Church had made very little impression upon the religious world, and no doubt there were many who began to wonder, as another year's beginning came around, whether it was worth while to continue the struggle; and others were wondering whether it would not be better that the great faith which had been proclaimed as a revolutionary truth be allowed to seep into other churches and work as a leaven instead of an aggressive force.

That was all a good many years ago, and periodically there have come revivals of the same idea, for the Church has grown, not in steady forward movements, but in waves, when theological conditions have roused to action or discouraged further effort. And at the beginning of these new beginnings, our people have been stirred to new enthusiasm, or their interest has suffered a decline. Out of these conditions there developed the Universalist Church, standing all the time firmly for an elemental truth, while all the changes in other Churches, of a century and a half, served but to reveal the greater human need of that elemental truth.

At times certain other Churches would open their hearts, and sometimes their doors, in greater liberality, only to close them quickly as at the approach of danger, and there would follow a period of renewed Orthodoxy, when the need of Universalism would be apparent, and then there would be another beginning, marked by heroic effort and renewed faith to proclaim the truth.

In recent years our beginnings have lacked vigor, because, as has been said, all Churches are preaching the larger faith, and as a consequence our hold upon the distinctive eternal truth which was our heritage and our trust to administer, has slackened. To our humiliation, it is recorded that we have been content to let others do our work, when, if the truth we gave them to preach was of value in saving the world from sin, the logic of it all was that our work should be continuous and not spasmodic.

But new conditions have arisen with our new beginning of this new year. Again the reactionaries of theology are putting forth efforts, such as we have not seen for a generation, to re-establish the old dogmas against which our fathers contended. There may be some verbal variation, but really the same battle must be fought again, with new weapons and new results.

We are to meet, we shall meet, this new crisis. But above all we are to recognize that our work is not done when some other Church adopts some fragment of the truth of Universal Fatherhood and Universal Brotherhood. We are to begin this year with the conviction that our work is never done, until all shall know the Christ, and all that means, from the least unto the greatest.

* *

ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION PLEDGES CO-OPERATION

THERE is a new spirit abroad in the Universalist Church. The Million Dollar Drive and the Murray Crusade increased our resources. They also made us realize that we are becoming a strong, united Church. Very heartening indeed is the action taken at the Rockingham Association of Universalists meeting at Dover, N. H., Sept. 13.

It was unanimously voted that:

"Whereas, our General Superintendent, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., uttered at the Ohio State Convention the following:

> "Seemingly this is an opportune moment for a more or less intimate word from your General Superintendent. He asks others to volunteer. Is he willing to continue as a volunteer himself? One can not successfully challenge others and himself lay down the colors at the same time. For more than five years I have served you and the Church as a whole as faithfully as I have known how as General Superintendent. I have been accorded the most wholehearted co-operation and unqualified backing of our people, both ministers and laity, from the first. In fact, the support given has been far beyond the merits of the one to whom it has been rendered. It is sincerely appreciated. I should be less than human if I did not at times become weary and even a bit discouraged. More than two-thirds of the time I am away from my home and family. I love both dearly, which means that my absence involves a great sacrifice. All thought of sacrifice, however, has been swallowed up in the joy of service. Sometimes I confess I waver. Occasionally I am tempted to think my work is so far along that my departure from it would not be serious. At such times I do not find it easy to turn aside some of the invitations which have been tendered to me by some of our churches to go back into the pastorate. While I am calling for volunteers, however, in this crucial hour of testing and opportunity for our beloved denomination, I can not afford to show the white flag of surrender without taking a second thought. It is my wish to make no assumption with reference to the will of the Church with regard to the future, but in the light of present conditions it is evidently time for me to state unequivocally that if the Church is still commanding, if there is still a definite service for me to render and if you men and women will stay with me and rally for a while longer as you have in the past, I will stick to my post and continue to hold high the colors of our glorious faith.

"We hereby pledge anew our loyalty to the Universalist Church and our whole-hearted co-operation with the General Superintendent."

Our Mistake and the Remedy*

George C. Felch

IT is, I think, generally agreed that one of the duties of a Convention is to review the work of past years, to discover what mistakes, if any, have been made, to rectify them so far as is possible, and to formulate policies calculated to meet with greater efficiency the problems of the present and the immediate future.

Such a duty devolves upon us at this Convention. That we have made mistakes, that we have failed to take full advantage of our strategic position in the religious world, that the Universalist faith has spread with disappointing slowness in an age and among a people who are ripe for it as never before, few, I think, will deny. And I have felt that perhaps I can use the time allotted to me to no better advantage than to consider what seems to me to be one of these mistakes, and its obvious remedy, as I have observed the situation during the past few years. It may be that few will agree with me; but if I can at least get the matter before you, provoke discussion, and perhaps set abler and more influential minds at work upon the problem, I shall be satisfied. My theme is *the importance of doctrinal preaching in the Universalist Church.*

In the days of our forefathers nearly all preaching was vigorously doctrinal in character. In that age of controversy men took their religion with a deadly earnestness such as we of the present day can scarcely understand. Creeds were regarded as holding within themselves the potencies of eternal life or death, and were no more to be doubted than was the infallible Holy Writ itself. Naturally, therefore, the propagation of those creeds, with the savage doctrines embodied in them, was held to be the chief duty of the Church, and right valiantly did the old-time preachers perform that duty. They smote right and left and spared not, and the flames of divine wrath were fanned high, for the two-fold purpose of keeping the faithful in the Church, and of terrifying the unregenerate to seek its shelter ere it was too late.

Now the pioneers of Universalism, such as Murray, the Ballous, and their contemporaries and immediate successors, born and reared in this atmosphere of intense dogmatism, themselves bursting with a glad new message which flatly contradicted the prevailing conceptions, found themselves compelled to battle incessantly for their faith; for them controversy was almost the condition of existence.

And the Universalist Church, unpopular though it was, prospered and grew. First, because it was *distinctive*, because it offered a different, a higher and more humane type of religious faith than did the churches around it. Second, because that faith, stimulated no doubt by the surrounding hostility, was almost constantly being preached and explained, so much so that casual visitors, dropping in at nearly any service, might gain a very clear and correct idea of Universalism as it was then preached. If they happened to be religiously thoughtful and liberal-minded the chances were good that new converts would be won to the Larger Faith.

The great change that has taken place during the last half century or more, the dying out of religious controversy, the lessening of emphasis upon doctrine, is a fact well known to all. *To-day* a stranger attending church on Sunday morning might hear an eloquent and helpful sermon, but he would, in all probability, go away no wiser than before as to the fundamental beliefs of that church upon the great issues of eternity.

In the case of the Orthodox Churches there is a good and readily understandable reason for this. Their ministers, the best of them—and we should always judge every Church by its best products—have become sufficiently broadened and liberalized to have little relish for the old, hard, loveless creeds, a feeling which is shared by a large proportion of their congregations. Reluctant as yet formally to abolish those creeds, perhaps for reasons of historical sentiment, they compromise by relegating them to the background and devoting their sermons to miscellaneous religious and social topics more congenial to themselves and to their hearers. In thus accommodating their message to the more enlightened public opinion of to-day the Orthodox Churches are doing exactly right; for it is only by recognizing the trend of the times and acting accordingly that they can hold their constituency and continue to prosper.

But in the Universalist Church the situation is vastly different. *Our* faith is *not* outgrown. On the contrary, while the general public still disowns our particular church label, yet to the underlying Universalist *idea* it is growing year by year more friendly and receptive. Surely, our own ministers believe in their own faith as whole-heartedly as ever. And the waning of Orthodox opposition should have been our cue and encouragement to press home our own teachings more vigorously than before.

But this we have failed to do. Following the prevailing fashion, the Universalist Church has likewise reduced to a minimum the preaching of doctrine. It is easy to see how this has come to pass. Lacking the old atmosphere of hostility, with no more attacks coming from the pulpit across the street, there has been, of course, a very natural tendency to consider the battle won, and to turn our attention almost wholly to other matters.

Nevertheless, I firmly believe that in so doing we have been guilty of a grave tactical mistake. Because the result of such a policy, however gradually and unconsciously we may have drifted into it, has been to rob our Church of its former distinctiveness as bearing a unique and special message of its own. More and more it has allowed its services to become substantially like those of its Orthodox neighbors, until it seems to be merely one of them; offering to the liberal-minded stranger no particular inducement why he should attend our Church rather than one of the others.

*Annual address at Vermont and Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt., Sept. 5, 1922.

On the outside page of the *Leader* appears each week this inspiring slogan: "Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of To-morrow." And so it is. But if we become neglectful in preaching it, if our Church ceases to be the principal headquarters and distributing depot for that religion, with an ample supply of the goods always on display for public inspection, why, business will simply go elsewhere. Sooner or later some live, enterprising denomination will "beat us to it," and the leadership of the Universalist idea of God and of Life, and the dispensing of that idea to a waiting, soul-hungry world, will pass into other hands.

There is, as I see the situation, just one way in which we can avert such an unspeakable, unendurable disgrace! And that is by a vigorous revival of doctrinal preaching all along the line. Starting at the very top with the Murray Lectureship Committee, avowedly instituted for the purpose of propagating Universalism, that work should be so planned that the successive speakers on tour would deliver terrific doctrinal broadsides, each on some point of the Five Principles, explaining and interpreting with all the persuasive eloquence that only such orators can command.

Doctrinal preaching ought also to become again a frequent feature in all the local churches. Not only do we need such preaching for the sake of the casual visitor, but it is a deplorable fact that many of our own people are none too well acquainted with their own faith. They are about as well informed as was the college student who, so the story goes, was one day called upon in class to define a crab. After an embarrassing pause, during which he endeavored to recall what little he had ever read or heard about the subject, he replied, "A crab is a red fish that walks backwards."

"Young man," said the professor, "that is a most excellent answer except in three small particulars: first, the crab is not a fish; second, it is not red; and third, it does not walk backwards."

There are vast multitudes of people whose entire conception of Universalism is summed up in two rather hazy notions: "There isn't any hell," and "We all go to heaven when we die." Which is a fine answer—hitting it wrong only twice out of two guesses! Of the magnificent bigness, the overwhelming grandeur, of the faith, of the fact that its glorious privileges are fully balanced by great and sobering moral responsibilities, they seem to have little or no realization. It is too bad; and it is time that a determined effort was made to apply a remedy—to divert if possible some of the ample general intelligence of the public into the channels of its religious thinking.

I feel convinced, however, that it will be necessary to evolve a new type of doctrinal preaching. The old method, which consisted in picking out favorable texts from here and there in the Bible, cleverly fitting them together, and saying, "See how the Scriptures support our doctrine," no longer serves the purpose. It has ceased greatly to impress the modern mind. There are certain other denominations which specialize in texts—have reduced them to an exact science, so much so that they can foretell, from calculations based on selected passages of Scripture, the very year in which the world is coming to an end. We can not hope to compete with these experts in their own chosen field.

Nor is it worth while to try. The new doctrinal revival which I hope to see, while it recognizes the Bible as its foundation, will deal rather with the general trend and spirit of the Scriptures as a whole. Great emphasis will also be laid upon the superior strength of the Universalist position as to logic and reasonableness, its consonance with all scientific truth, its appeal to all that is noble, generous and loving in the human heart.

Right here, lest I be misunderstood, I want to make it absolutely clear that no attack upon other Churches, none of the old-time belaboring of Orthodoxy, is contemplated. Toward our Christian brothers of other beliefs the utmost courtesy, friendliness and spirit of co-operation should be maintained at all times. Not to do so is to stultify our own teachings.

Last, and most important of all, the new doctrinal revival will keep this splendid philosophy of ours from becoming an abstraction—will keep it constantly connected up with real, every day life, as it passes before us in unending procession. Every modern problem, social, economic, industrial, political or racial, will be considered from the standpoint of that philosophy, held up and studied in the white, revealing light of that world-wide Human Brotherhood in which we profess to believe. With doctrine thus linked with life there will be no danger of its becoming stale or tiresome, because it will be presenting ever-varying aspects of itself, a well-nigh inexhaustible succession of new applications of old truths.

"But," it will be said, "the times demand action, not talk. Stop prating about the brotherhood of man and start practising it! Let us support and extend our missions, build the Perin-Cate Home and the Washington Memorial Church, feed the Armenians and other suffering people," etc., etc.

Amen and Amen! I too want action. I believe in and am gladly supporting those enterprises. But the most efficient action is usually that which proceeds from and is inspired by an accurate and thorough knowledge of theory; and it is precisely *because* I want action that I am making this plea. For I am convinced that nothing can so awaken the individual conscience and sense of social duty in our people, thus rendering them more responsive to denominational calls, as for them to renew, under skilful guidance, their acquaintance with their own faith, to take a post-graduate course in modern, up-to-date Universalism.

Along about the middle of the World War we began to hear about a strange contraption that had appeared on the Western Front. It was known as a "caterpillar tractor." Originating in America as an invention in farm machinery, it had been adapted by the British to a new type of armored car—the "tank;" and they were giving the Germans no end of trouble. As is well known, the ordinary motor car is extremely dependent upon the nature of the road it travels over. Anything more than a moderate degree of roughness or softness in the ground will render it stalled and helpless. But the tank cared nothing about such trifles as the condition of the road—or whether there was any road at all. It went nearly everywhere with

equal ease—down into deep gullies and up steep banks. If it encountered small trees even, it simply pushed them over as though they were so many toothpicks and proceeded calmly on its way.

The secret of its amazing power lay wholly in the *caterpillar tractor attachment*, an endless moving platform, such as are used in horsepower machines, one on each side of the car, encircling the wheels. By means of this contrivance the four wheels of the tank never touched the ground at all. They continuously laid down for themselves a broad solid platform of their own, on which they traveled, picking it up behind them as they went along.

My friends, the one thing that the Universalist Church needs more than anything else in this world is a *caterpillar tractor attachment!* Our churches frequently encounter rough going. Business depressions cause a tightening of the pursestrings; indifference and selfishness turn a deaf ear to appeals for loyalty and service; obstacles of various kinds hinder the cause and at times threaten to stall it altogether. But if we can somehow bring about this policy which I have tried to outline, of laying down continuously a broad and solid platform of inspiring doctrine, then it may be that our people, thus awakened to new zeal, stimulated to keener gratitude and sense of responsibility—will rise in their might, and not only carry forward to success all our present denominational enterprises and those that are to follow, but also build up the Universalist Church itself to a position of commanding power and influence more commensurate with the mighty name it bears—a position which it must have before it can hope to furnish to the world, in adequate quantities, the Inevitable Religion of To-morrow.

Out in the Big World

XV Many Kinds of Camping

John van Schaick, Jr.

IN "Days Off" Henry Van Dyke has a delightful chapter on "A Holiday in a Vacation."

That holiday was made by leaving the region of Bar Harbor with its "dinner parties," "tea parties," "garden parties," "sea parties," and "luncheon parties masculine and feminine" and "going camping" in the region around Lake Nicatous.

"It lies near the top of the water shed," he says, "about a thousand feet high. From the region round about it at least seven canoeable rivers descend to civilization." "The water is clear, the shores are clean, the islands plenty, and the bays deep and winding." The southeast corner of Maine where it lies he calls "a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness."

"It reminds me of what I once heard in Stockholm: that the Creator, when the making of the rest of the world was done, had a lot of fragments of land and water, forests and meadows, mountains and valleys, lakes and moors, left over; and these He threw together to make the southern part of Sweden. I like that kind of a promiscuous country. The spice of life grows there."

In this "promiscuous country" around Nicatous, I have had three full days the past week.

Unexpectedly my brother-in-law came into the Boston office where I chanced to be for a day or so. He had a story of an interrupted motor trip, a friend stricken at the wheel, responsibility of building a new "cook house" at the Nicatous fishing and hunting club, the absolute necessity of my company, of how we could leave Boston on the sleeper Monday night and be back in Boston for business Saturday morning.

His argument was conclusive. Stern duty need never knock twice at my door when she calls me away from offices and desks for the deep forests, the wide lakes and the mountain tops. I had no proper equipment, but there is our "Bishop" of Winchester whose clothes I could wear and whose things I could use, even if his big camping shoes were number ten.

We "descended," as the French say, from the train at five o'clock in the morning at Lincoln, Maine, forty-five miles northeast of Bangor on the line of the Maine Central running to St. John, N. B. Then on the porch of one of the best little hotels to be found anywhere we watched the town slowly wake up, passing the time of day and chatting with both citizens and dogs, as they appeared.

The "roughing it" I had been promised began with a breakfast of cantaloupe, oat meal, bacon and eggs, veal cutlets, baked potatoes, griddle cakes and maple syrup, hot rolls both white and graham, and coffee. I mention the few simple items I took out of a possible fifty or sixty others.

In place of the old buckboard which bumped its way all day into the woods, in the old days, we took a fast Essex car, which in two hours over hard roads made the thirty-four miles to the "head of the falls."

We were headed outward into the vast wilderness which lies between the railroad and the coast. Roughly this region is bounded by the Penobscot and Mattawamkeag Rivers on one side, the St. Croix River between Canada and the United States on the other side, and by the sea coast from Calais and Eastport down toward Bar Harbor on the south and east.

As we left Enfield, there were lovely views back over the Penobscot River valley and ahead to the Passadumkeag mountain which we were to go around.

It was the first day of school, and many future river drivers, guides and camp cooks, and many future Presidents, Senators and Governors, were chasing each other along the road, skylarking with many wild gestures on the roofs of abandoned buildings and congregating about little schoolhouses waiting for "teacher" with her fresh new smart pink or blue dress.

In the clearings, great four-horse potato diggers were turning up the tubers for which Maine is so famous.

Along the roadside, there were masses of goldenrod, purple asters and everlasting. In the bushes, spots of vivid color began to appear. Overhead we saw occasional flocks of birds. There was no doubt about it. The autumn was upon us.

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tints of the cornfield,
And the wild geese flying high,
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod.
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God."

Eight miles from Enfield there is a little village called Burlington, with only one church, a Universalist, with clean fresh white paint and dignified old colonial tower. We intended to stop when we came out, but it was dark and raining. We "heard tell" of a lady Universalist preacher who came in that week. And the carpenter with us said: "We are all Universalists here." Some day I shall know who "the lady who came in this week" is and what she did. At Burlington we left the post office and the stores behind. A few miles farther on we left the last farm and entered the woods. One soon saw that it was a country with which one could not take liberties. There were old log roads, but they began in the depth of the woods and ran to water, and that water might be miles from civilization. It was a country for guides and compass, for canoes and "duffel" bags. Whatever the pioneering spirit, wisdom here demanded that we "follow the trail."

On the road we picked up a guide who went with us in the automobile to the head of the falls. There he took our baggage in his heavily loaded canoe and poled it up the lovely Nicatous stream three miles to Lake Nicatous, while we made the trip on foot over an old and rocky road.

Here the guides we had ordered met us and soon we were embarked in canoes and moving up as beautiful a lake as I have ever seen.

Nicatous means "forked water." There are few camps on it. The shores are wooded and the woods slope back to ridges. On back of the ridges here and there one can catch glimpses of the mountains—even Katahdin on clear days. The lake is most irregular in shape, with coves and basin, but roughly it is twelve miles long by one to four miles wide. Surrounding the lake, however, are many other lakes to which trips are made—Eagle, Deer, Green, Horseshoe, Duck, Big Sabeo, Gassabias, Abamgamook and Machias Number One, Number Two, Number Three, etc. The very names bring up visions of moose, knee deep, drinking, of deer among the lily pads, of bear, wildcat, and porcupine that campers here run upon, of the shell drake and black heads and other ducks, and the almost human call of the "Great Northern Diver," or loon, so characteristic, so picturesque, so astute, so like a flash of light in its dive, that it is worth preserving even though it feeds on the trout and salmon which we feel belong to us.

Four miles up Lake Nicatous is the camp of the Nicatous Club. This is camping with a club house, ten bedrooms, twenty single beds and as good mattresses and springs as can be made, a big general room with fireplace and books, and a porch from which one can look for miles off over the water and wilderness to the south.

Van Dyke called the club "a woodland Capua," with "kindly welcome and good company," with "everybody willing to lend aid and comfort," give "friendly counsel" and "excellent large blueberries."

There is a cook house rigged up in place of the one burned, and a real cook, a mess room in the cook house, and here we started wilderness life with cereal and preserved blueberries which the cook and waitress and cook's husband and Willis the steward had picked while waiting for members to "come in." This article can not be turned into a menu, but I can add that we never were without the most delicious salmon, and crisp bacon. It was camping with griddle cakes, maple syrup, hot bread, layer cake and pie.

By day we had long fishing trips, but always the hot meal ashore, coffee and fish we had caught, salt pork, and strange delicious cookies, brought from the camp, with apple jelly inside. By night we had the blazing logs in the fireplace, the big chairs on which one could nap, light and cheer and story telling inside and outside—indescribable starlight, the old moon on the water, and a marvelous exhibition of the northern lights.

One must not do injustice to these New York and Boston members of the Nicatous Club. They are not "tenderfeet." "We spend little time at the club," said one lady. "We are almost always tenting at Horseshoe or Green Lake or somewhere else, but it is great to have the club house as a base." "I've had a little lady for several seasons," said Willis, "who doesn't weigh eighty pounds. But I defy you to find a guide who will stand black flies early in the season as well as she does or endure more on the carries or in the rain."

The club chronicles tell many tales of endurance and daring in the twenty-five years or more of the club history. One felt up here the strength of strong men who grapple with the wilderness, the two-handed men with red blood in their veins, the real men who are unafraid in God's out-of-doors.

But one sensed also the traditions of a high civilization. The atmosphere was not merely one of killing. The unwritten rules were: "Don't kill wantonly." "Don't take more than you need." "Look out for the other fellow." "Obey the law." "Conserve and restock."

My companion, an old hunter, said: "As I get older, I feel less like killing anything," and of James S. Greves, the veteran president, who died only a few weeks ago, they recalled that he always spoke of himself as a "bloodless hunter."

I caught my first salmon, a fighter, worth catching, worth eating, and my brother-in-law caught seven before he gave me his rod, moved away and made it possible for me to catch mine, but beyond that I will not go in fish stories. My salmon is growing as I head southward from Boston. But what I said to the joking circle about the camp fire I repeat here for a camp motto: "Exclusive concentration upon a problematical salmon shall never keep me from leveling my binoculars upon anything worth seeing along the shore."

The warblers in the tree tops, the blue jays, the kingfishers, the partridges and spruce hens, the strange northern birds I can't identify, even the hawks and the crows, are worth while too.

I can't help thinking about some of the camping I have seen during and since the Great War—and about the peoples of Europe and Asia who are camping out to-night with so little "of the stuff known as 'duffel' in New York, 'butins' in French Canada and 'wangan' in Maine." Even under the roughest conditions we have the big fire, the soft bough bed, the warm blanket, abundant food, pure water, safety, and unadulterated content. And it would be hard to find a guide or trapper or lumberman or camper who would not plunge into the densest wilderness to find a man, lost, without shelter or food.

But there are thousands of good people who have to camp to-day in Asia and Europe and with almost nothing to use. Why have we so little imagination about it? Why are we not willing to plunge out into that wilderness and help them make camp? Party politics gives strange mental aberrations to all of us, but when it is put as fellow campers, few woodsmen, that is men with plain elemental qualities of feeling for their kind, can resist.

In a recent number of the *Outlook* Maria Moravsky writes on "Sheer Envy." Their envy across the sea is of our campers.

"Tents with wooden floors!" she exclaims. "Real gas stoves! Portable phonographs! And the crowning glory of it all—folding bath tubs. . . . Why, if a Russian housewife laid her eyes on all the American camper's kitchen outfit, she would unhesitatingly forsake her city house for the wild life in the open. . . . You luxury swamped sybarites! Sheer envy will be the predominant feeling of a foreigner gazing at all these camp luxuries, until you begin sharing them with the great barren camp called the after-war Europe."

Her argument is not for charity but for trade, not for reconstruction, a thing too far off, but for trading in simple portable substitutes to change "beggar like conditions of life in many a European country" and put them on a camping basis. Concessions for fine railways, modern electric fixtures, up-to-date plumbing, for which our engineers want "millions of rubles, marks and kronen," can wait. They will come along in time. "Just help Europe start."

"Give us cheap water filters to save us from cholera. A tent erected immediately is better than the most comfortable house next season. We have to camp, not for pleasure but for saving our lives. And who if not Americans, campers *par excellence*, will teach the world how to camp?"

"If our idealism fails us, self-interest will send us once more into the council of the nations," said my friend. "It has sent these lumber companies into forestry and stopped tree butchering up here in the woods. Our farmers and manufacturers will demand an outlet for their products. We must go in and help restore the world."

I do not believe that our idealism will fail us. I do not believe that our Christianity has "run out." "God has made of one blood all nations of men." "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." We can differ as to ways and means. We can't differ as to our world duty.

So with fishing and with philosophy, with long carries, heavy loads, tired muscles, deep sleep, refreshed minds and bodies, we made our trip, did our business and packed our bags for home.

We had a thrilling choice of routes. As Van Dyke suggested, many river systems start here. The Nicatous region is a famous source.

A short carry from Lake Nicatous takes one to Lake Sysladobsis, the source of the St. Croix River. The waters of the Machias lakes go down the Machias River which Dr. Van Dyke explored and reach the ocean at Machias, Me. Three miles southwest of the club house, the Narraguagus River rises which empties into the sea at Cherryfield just east of Bar Harbor. Four miles to the south one finds the source of the Union River which goes out by Ellsworth, Me. The waters of Lake Nicatous itself flow out at the north end of the lake by the Nicatous stream into the Passadumkeag River and thence into the Penobscot. We went down the Nicatous stream in canoes and then out by the old route we had come in.

As a Universalist, I like many ways in and many ways out. I like all sorts and conditions of men. I like the broad view and the far view. I like the everlasting hope of smoother going just over the ridge, of a bigger fish to-morrow. I like the constant reminder that the North Star is always there. And I like the certainty that though there be courses many and streams many, and riffs and rips and rocks and falls, the waters at last will all reach the sea.

That is why I like Lake Nicatous.

An Unusual Experience

(Editorial Note: Needless to say, the writer of this article is herself unusual, chiefly, however, in the possession of a finer mind, a broader culture and a nobler character than usual.)

THE following experience is related in the belief that it may have a more than personal interest. That attitude towards life which has been mine for the greater part of fifty years I believe has not been peculiar to me alone, but has been that of many in these times when there is so much danger that material values will blind us to things of the spirit.

So far as it is possible to express in words life's deepest experiences, it is a true account.

I was born in the hills of New England of Puritan stock, and was brought up in the church and taught most carefully by my mother and grandmother, who were two most devout women of simple faith. I accepted their teaching, and at the age of thirteen I became a member of the church in our little community and began to live the Christian life as they had done before me, and all went well until I went away from home to school. Gradually I began to realize that something was wrong with my simple faith, for I could not make it keep pace with my intellectual development. Matters grew worse after I went to college, especially since about that time I had a friend whom I greatly admired, who had been reading Herbert Spencer and Darwin and Huxley, and seemed to find much therein to unsettle our religious faith.

Looking back on that period now it seems to me that the day might have been saved if there had been some one at college who could have related my spiritual experience to my intellectual life. I do not wish to criticise my college. Probably it would have been the same in any college at that time. It may not have been possible to give me just the help I needed twenty-five years ago, and it may not be possible even yet to do it perfectly. But there must be a right relation between the intellectual and the spiritual life. Neither should exclude the other, and I believe the most important part in the education of our young people is to teach them, so far as in us lies, that true relation. At no other time of life can it be so easily and naturally done, as when young people first become intellectually awake.

I had made as good a beginning in spiritual things as was possible in the circumstances into which I was born, but I was utterly unable to work my way alone out of the apparent dilemma between my faith and my intellectual life. The result was that I gave up my faith and suffered a most bitter reaction against it.

I had a little faith still, though I did not know it as such. I could not help realizing that good prevails, and so I have always believed that the Great Source from which everything comes must be good. I did not think I had knowledge enough to enable me to say whether this Source of all life was personal in its nature or not, and I certainly was conscious of no personal relation between myself and that from which I came. As for personal survival after death, I could only say that I hoped it might be, but I saw nothing to convince me that it was true.

Jesus of Nazareth never ceased to be for me a radiant figure. I never was sure that he was not mistaken in much that he believed to be true, but I thought he saw more deeply into life than has been possible for other people to see, and on his firm faith in spiritual verities I based whatever hopes I had of their truth.

But this attenuated faith of mine did not bring me happiness or peace of mind. In fact, the giving up of my childish faith marked the beginning of a great restlessness and hunger for I knew not what, and from that time on my life has been one continuous quest for this something which should at last satisfy me.

I tried to find it in friendship. I thought I should surely find it in marriage and then in children, but each in turn, though apparently all that I could wish, failed to satisfy that longing which I never understood and could not analyze. So at last I gave up all hope of being satisfied, and accepted this deep seated hunger as another of life's inexplicable problems, and resigned myself to passing the rest of my life in the same unsatisfying way. But it was not to be as I thought.

The second part of the story is not easy to tell, and the reason for the difficulty is that I have to face in doing so certain prejudices of our day, prejudices which I myself have always shared.

In fact I am quite sure, if this article had been written ten years ago by some one else, and I had chanced to read thus far, that I should have laid it down impatiently, on learning what the next chapter in the writer's story was to be. But I should have been wrong. Humble and unexpected means have often been used to bring good things into this world. Help does not always come with pomp and circumstance and a flourish of trumpets, and my case has been no exception.

It all began quite casually while I was visiting a friend, who is also a college woman and whose outlook on life has always been much like my own. In the course of our conversation she said: "I have just received a book from my aunt which I want you to read. It is the best of the sort I have seen, and I would like to know how it strikes you." She then explained that it was an account of what seemed to be communications with those in a future life. I told her quite frankly that I was not much interested, adding that in general such communications seemed so trivial that even if there was truth in them, I failed to see their value to us. She assured me that this particular book was by no means trivial. So, because she wished it, I did read the book carefully. I can not say that I was convinced, but I was impressed with the intelligence and sincerity of the woman whose experience it was. In fact I was so much interested that later on my friend and I decided to try for ourselves. So we bought a little planchette, and one evening placed our hands upon it and awaited results. None came, and after sitting for ten minutes and looking rather foolishly at each other we concluded that for us at least there was nothing in it. But the next morning when I was alone, just to make assurance doubly sure, I thought I would try it by myself. As I sat down I said in my heart, "I do not know at all the nature of what I am trying to do, but if there are those around or above me who wish to use my hand for any good purpose, in all reverence I submit myself to them." I had no expectation that anything would happen, but that little planchette began to move. I realized almost with horror that I was experiencing the working of a force the nature and source of which was utterly unknown to me. I was shocked but at the same time fascinated. There was no writing, but the little instrument moved rapidly and with decision across the paper again and again and again.

The story of the next few weeks I will not give in detail. Soon there was intelligible writing and I discovered that my hand moved equally well without the planchette. It was as if another hand were laid on mine, moving it slowly in a handwriting wholly unlike my own. From the first I took no initiative, feeling that my own ignorance of the real nature of what was happening was too great to warrant any attempt to direct the course of things. My mother and grandmother seemed to have much to say to me. The one burning question in my own mind which I asked repeatedly was: "Is this worth while, either for you or for me? As yet I have no means of judging surely of the real nature of this writing but, even assuming that it is what it seems to be, is it wise to try to bridge the gulf between this life and what follows? Can I not do my work better here and perhaps you your work better there, if we let this possibility drop?"

The answer always was: "No. It is more important than you can realize that you should go on. Do not fail to do your best."

At this stage of events some of the few who knew about what was happening began to talk about proof. I thought myself that it should be attempted in some way. Even if nothing important was ever told us by

is means, it would be of supreme importance to me least if I could know beyond a peradventure that eath does not end all. But all our attempts to es- blish a proof by verification or in any other way ere frustrated, and it became clear that if I went on ith it, it would have to be in uncertainty still.

At about this time the character of the com- unications seemed to change. Those who had been riting up to this time did not come again, but the ork was directed by a guardian spirit who was lead- g me into a consideration of spiritual things. It l became more personal and I was asked to destroy hat was written. This was most unexpected and ifficult, for it meant that those who had followed the ourse of things thus far with some degree of interest, turned back from following." I could not blame nem. There was no proof of the authenticity of it all, nd in this scientific age people of intelligence do not ollow will-o-the-wisps. My own mind was as full f misgivings as any, but I seemed to have to go on, hough going alone. This was a most difficult time. t seemed to me that before I could submit to such a eadership, I must be intellectually satisfied as to the eality of it, and I demanded such a satisfaction. It vas refused. "*You know in your heart* that this xperience is real and you must trust that knowledge." declared that I could not. My whole training had aught me the supremacy of reason and I could not— vould not—change. The answer was, "You can and ou must." That struggle lasted for days. There vas indeed a "war within my members" such as I had ever even dreamed of.

I tried to give the whole thing up, but I found hat I could not. A power which I did not understand vas upon me and I could not withstand it. At last I rayed, a strange prayer, but real: "I do not know what I am or from what I came, but there must be a Source which is responsible for me—for my mind as well as my body. In my distress I appeal to that power, whatever and wherever it is, to help me. I want to be honest, and yet not to fail to do what is required of me. If there is help for a human soul, help me now." The answer came, and when I realized what my hand vas writing I could hardly hold my pencil:

"I am the Source of your life, and the Father of your spirit, and I am speaking to you through this experience." That was all, no other answer except the nsistent, impelling force always upon me, and I did not struggle longer. Believing as I did in the goodness at the heart of things, I could not believe that the cry of a bewildered and distressed spirit would be un- heeded.

I submitted to a leadership which I could not understand, and I found I could trust what my heart told me was true. Since that time again and again when the old dilemma between intellect and faith would present itself I have repeated to myself a line which had somehow impressed itself on my memory at an earlier time:

> "I know not what I think,
> I only know that Thou art what I want."

After the struggle was over I realized that I had learned, so as by fire, what faith is. From that time on I was led step by step through a most vivid spiritual experience. It has been like the coming in of the tides, slow but mighty in its power. I was not taught as we teach, but led gently and very firmly through a living experience of spiritual truth. The Bible, which I had not read, and seldom thought of, since I was a girl, became a living book to me. I can not think unmoved of the wonderful assurance, "Ye shall seek me and shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." I know what Moses meant when he said, "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

When I read in the New Testament, "Ye must be born again," it is no meaningless phrase. The pangs of the new birth are very real to me, and from the depths of my experience I can repeat the words of Jesus of Nazareth, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit."

As I look back over what I have written, I know that words have failed adequately to express this deepest experience of my life, but perhaps something of the intensity and vitality of it will make itself felt through them.

The foregoing experience was from the first a great strain physically, and my health soon showed the effect of the inward struggle. The result was that my physician ordered me away from my family, where I could be relieved of every possible strain. Consequently during the greater part of the time when this was happening, I was absolutely free from the cares and distractions of my ordinary life. It seems to me now that that was a part of a wise plan for me. As the struggle passed and I gained a peace of mind hitherto entirely unknown to me, my health came back and I returned to my family. This return marked an entire change in the character of my experience. The period of teaching and training was followed by the opportunity to live what I had been taught. My feet had been set in "the way that leadeth unto life," and now they must learn how to walk therein.

The writing almost stopped. For weeks whenever my hands wrote at all, it was the one word, "Overcome." If I asked what I should overcome, the answer always was the same, "Overcome doubt, overcome sin." Later on the emphasis was on love. I was thrown on my own resources, but when I needed it just a touch of help was given, so that I felt that the leadership to which I had entrusted myself so long had not failed me. Through it all no superfluous help was ever given. It was never made easy. When it was possible I was left to make my way alone, and it seems to me now that such wise guidance could only have been given by one who understands the human spirit better than we do.

As time passes and I gain a little perspective on what I have passed through, much has become clear which I could not understand at first, and I feel that my story will not be complete if I do not give some account of my own conclusions in regard to it.

In the first place, though technical proof of the validity of my experience has been entirely lacking, in my own mind now there remains no shadow of doubt of its truth. Entirely without human agency of any kind, that spiritual experience has come to me which

has been common to spiritual men and women for untold generations, and which has been since its beginning the life of the Christian Church. It seems to me a logical conclusion that, though it has come in an absolutely different way, it must have come from the same source. To me that is vastly more conclusive evidence than any technical proof could be. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," to-day any more than in olden times.

The second conclusion to which I have come is the result of very searching questioning as to the real nature of the change which has taken place. Something has touched my life and transformed it, and just what has that change been? I think I have found the answer to that question, and can best tell what it is by going back and following along the way in which I arrived at that answer.

Not many explicit statements have been made in the course of all the writing, but one of the few was this: "You have received your material body from your earthly parents, but your spirit is the child of your Heavenly Father."

I asked whether this was a figure of speech or if the relation of Father to child was a real one. The reply was, "It is a real relation." Then I asked how we could account for heredity, and the answer came without a moment's hesitation, "Your brain and nervous system come from your earthly parents and condition the living spirit which uses them." And then, "Just as your body depends for its growth and maintenance on your food, so does your spirit depend for its strength and development on the Father from whom it has come."

I know many feel in these days that life, even abundant life, comes from service alone, in fact that had been my own opinion always. I had no idea that there could be any conscious personal dependence on the Source from which we come. But I was driven by my utter inability to thread my way through the maze alone, at last to reach out and lay hold on the help which was only waiting for my grasp. Then I knew that I had found that for which I had always been seeking. I knew, not by intellectual processes but as a thirsty man knows that water is what he needs. I know beyond the need of proof, but I have been helped to an understanding of the need of such a personal relation by an analogy taken from common life.

A man has a son who takes his father for granted —as one father expressed it, "his son boards with him," eats the food provided, wears the clothing furnished, lives in his father's house, and enjoys it al much as if he had provided it for himself. On the whole he is a pretty satisfactory boy, goes to schoo and college and does his work well, but doesn't think much about the man who has made all this possible He looks over and around and through his father Can that man give his son the wealth of persona help, the advice and encouragement he would so gladly give him? No. It all has to wait for the day when that boy turns and at last sees his father.

I believe it has been specially true of us who live in these later days that we have been "boarding with our Father." We breathe His air, eat His food, and live in His beautiful world much as if we had provided it all for ourselves. We attend the school which in His wisdom He has provided for us, some of us doing excellent work in that school, but we look over Him, around Him, through Him, seeing everything but Him.

I believe the spiritual life in its fulness must have as its source this conscious personal dependence of His children upon the Great Father. The vital message of this experience to me has been a summons to turn and see Him, and I believe this message was not meant for me alone.

Front Porch Studies

FROM my lofty aerie I am making a little survey of the Universalist Church. I am high not only in space, but also in time. It is a good many years since I entered the ministry—I am not saying how many, but if you are curious about it look it up in the *Register* files. Without fussing about details, however, my survey will take in somewhere near a half century, for I knew a little before I became a minister, not much to be sure, but enough to know that I wanted to get into the game, and I did. Moreover, I have learned something since, not much, but enough to make my way round about and through some of the paths of our goings-on.

Looking back to the time when I was little more than a boy-minister and had my first ambitious side-whiskers, which in those days were quite ecclesiastical, and which are perpetuated in the picture on the wall of my first church—that is the only way they dared to hang me, though no doubt I deserved a more Orthodox execution!—those "siders," my white tie, and my first and only silk hat were the credentials with which I broke into the ministry. You see I was rash, if not brave; I had a little of what in these degenerate days is called "pep." I was looked upon as a rather hopeless "prospect," as, in addition to my mental limitation, I was handicapped by rather frail health, so that when a life insurance agent came to the Divinity School, promising to insure us against everything excepting the Orthodox ultimatum, he accepted as a good risk a number of the others, and would not touch me, because I was no risk at all, I was a certainty regarding the shortness of life! But, as they say out West, the joke was on him, for every one of those insured is now dead and I am still here! That is, portions of me, and the prophecy of my early demise was greatly exaggerated!

As I kept on living, I began to hunt around for excuses. No one has a right to live unless he has a reason, though a good many appear to! I wanted to do something through and for the Universalist Church About the first thing I tried to do was exactly what the young fellows of to-day, with equal conscientiousness and vigor, are trying to do—make a lot of trouble for the old fellows, who, just like those of my day, are "a lot of reactionaries and has-beens, whose one purpose in life seems to be to block all progress!"

And when I think back to those "old fellows" —Miner, Sawyer, Chapin, Skinner, Eddy and Adams, Thayer, Atwood, Dodge, Patterson, and a hundred others—who had made a Church for me to work in, I am bowed down in deep humility at my presumption. And yet I realize it was the right thing to do. A real Church can never stop, no matter how good and great it is. If it is living it must grow, and will grow. We young sprouts got blown and battered about a good deal, but we kept on growing, encouraged by many of those old fellows who simply put a restraining hand upon our impetuous heads, and counseled patience until the fruit was ripe.

That was a great group of Universalist ministers way back there, and I have pleasant personal memories of most of them. Sometime I am going to get them all on my Front Porch and have a good visit with them. They were great in their day and for their day. All that was required of them was to fill their place, and they filled it. I have heard the silver-tongued Chapin preach a few times, and been thrilled by his masterly eloquence, but I can not help thinking how flat some of his greatest efforts would fall to-day, not because he was not a marvelous speaker with a marvelous message—he was both—but simply because he would not, as he was, fit this new age.

But I look out over our men to-day, as I marshal them before my Porch, and my only question is: Are we doing as well in our day with our opportunity as they did with theirs? As I survey the Church I find some noble structures, and some not so noble, which have come to us by inheritance, which form our equipment for service. I recall how one of our young men raged before a Convention, because he was forced to work in a church building more than fifty years old, without a recreation room, social hall, or, as he said, any modern equipment, features those old builders never heard of. But they raised the money and built for the needs of their day, and this young fellow, instead of getting down to business and adapting the old church to the new age, was whining because he did not have a fair chance.

But in spite of the few whiners, I am seeing in this survey enough of materials and men to make a great deal of trouble if we choose, or to make a glorious success in human service if we choose. It is all up to us. We have come up against one of those epochal ages which spell opportunity. With the breaking out of the old theological disease, which spreads like a contagion throughout the country, the time has come for applying some of the old remedies which stayed, if they did not stop, the plague in the old times. I see how it is the breaking out of the old disease, but under new conditions. I can see how it must be treated very specifically in some places, nothing else will do; but in general, the Universalist Church as a Church needs to climb up on my high perch and get a wider view, and see and perceive that we have a philosophy of life which will work in individual and international affairs, and it is for us to put it over. We have the best thing in sight for human relations, big and little, as one of our master-preachers has said, and if we do not give it to the world in this hour of need we are slackers and are unworthy of our wonderful inheritance.

I see our Church doing great things. I see our Church being a greater thing. We are going to build and equip and endow, because we are united, and have a mind to work. We are going to make real progress because we are going to correlate all our forces where none shall be little and none shall be great. We are all together supplementing each other in the common work of putting our faith into action.

I see a new spirit of leadership in new leaders. I see the recognition of the fact that those who know it all are mostly fools; that mostly we are about of the size to do one thing well—that we must stand up and let our light shine in this time of theological darkness and religious shadow. We must learn the primary truth of growth of any kind, that it is in and through sacrifice, and co-operation of sacrifice. I do not want the little fellow to carry the whole burden, but simply in just proportion. We need companionship and fellowship, and when I see these different groups of ministers breaking up and making that one big group, "all one body we," I see prophecy of a Church big enough to do our work.

Here I sit on my Porch, clothed in much egotism and a little wisdom, seeing the greatness of the Universalist Church there in the future, instead of yonder in the past. With what I know of the past I honor it, I glory in it, I am grateful for my part in it, but I am young yet, and I know *"the best is yet to be."*

F. A. B.

The Church and the Present Crisis

The Rev. Harry F. Shook

IT seems to be popular these days to criticise the Church and to talk of the present uselessness of religion, as if humankind had outgrown the need of, or the desire for, religious expression. Even some city preachers are inclined to look for greater good from social and economic reforms than from the cultivation of the spirit of religion, and as for certain social agitators, they are sure the Church is a cringing creature of capital, and should be dispensed with along with other capitalistic institutions.

It is a mistake thus to belittle and to abuse the Christian Church. It is wrong because it is untrue to the facts thus to criticise and misinterpret our common institution of religion. If some of the overwrought souls who have become fevered in a zeal to revolutionize society could go from their city surroundings to the freshness and wholesomeness of our small towns and villages for a season, it would help to correct their perspective. They would realize that there is still a large part of our citizenship that does not "see red," and they would, perhaps, come to a better appreciation of the fundamentals of our American citizenship and of our church life.

Present criticism of the Church is largely due to a misunderstanding of its aims and of the religion it

seeks to teach. Of course there are still some of the old-fashioned Churches which insist that the great business of Christianity is to save souls through the "washing in the blood of the Lamb"—to make sure the way of escape from a dreadful hell hereafter, and to assure entrance into a bright and restful heaven when life here is done. There are in this modern day some preachers and Churches that are setting forth this interpretation of religion as Christianity. But to say the Church as a whole strives to numb the senses of the people to present injustices by centering their thought upon the glories of a distant heaven, is to do a grave injustice to the splendid work of modern-minded ministers and Churches.

The truth is that prominent men in all denominations are securing an increasingly large following in much more reasonable and helpful interpretations of religion. Heaven is now recognized to be that condition of individual contentment and of social justice and well being that produces lasting peace and good-will. And hell is there where self-seeking, oppression, and bitterness are found. The future life is a continuance of the present, taking up there from the point we leave here.

In the older days proclamation was made that "salvation is free." Now the Church teaches that everything of value has a price-tag attached, and if we want peace of mind individually, and industrial and social peace as a group, and world peace as nations, then we must pay the price in justice and good-will. That is a fundamental lesson for all men to learn. The failure to understand that principle is at the root of many of our present troubles.

For example, some men of means think the majesty of the law should be sustained and the rights of property protected, and then attempt to pervert justice when their own interest is at stake, or deliberately violate some statute that happens to interfere with their own selfish idea of pleasure. We would not have the present dissatisfaction with our courts in this country if some men had not thought themselves superior to real justice and attempted to make use of our judicial system to their own ends. The price of general respect for the supremacy of law and order is continued personal and individual respect for it—high and low, rich and poor, all alike.

On the other hand, they who continually whine about injustice, who grow bitter because of real or fancied grievances and who rail continually against society, must expect to forfeit society's good opinion of them. The price of the approval and assistance of society is the co-operation with and helping of society. Men who secretly engage in the liquor traffic but to all appearances are respectable citizens, and women who carry on clandestine love affairs while posing as faithful wives, are traitors, and are not really deserving of the good opinion of society. I repeat that a fundamental lesson that the Church of to-day seeks to implant in the hearts of communicants is the readiness, the desire, to pay the full price for the good things of life, yes, even more than that, to be unwilling to expect or to accept anything for which the price has not been paid, in love, or devotion, or faithfulness, or good-will.

This does not mean that the Church of to-day emphasizes conformity, as did the Church of yesterday, but that progress shall come sanely and because of the desire to serve the common good, rather than because of one group's overthrowing another.

And that brings out another point which justifies the modern Church and its activity. To the Church there are no classes, in the sense in which the social reformer uses the term. There is no more democratic organization in the world to-day than the Church of the modern view. Here the employer and the employee, the investor and the borrower, the educated and the simple, the cultured and the uncouth, meet in the common house of worship, to lift up their souls in reverence and devotion together and to join in the songs of praise and service. If one man occupies a more prominent place than another in church work, it is because of the differences in interest and ability of the two men. It is a great mistake to think that all preachers eat out of the hands of their wealthy members.

In lodges the active parts are taken by the few, not because the lodge is a society created for the especial benefit of these, but because most members either do not have the time to take up the work or they have not the necessary ability, or they do not have sufficient interest in the program of the lodge to help put it across. Officers in the lodge therefore welcome the co-operation of all men able and willing to assist. I have no doubt this condition exists in Labor Unions also—some are capable of going ahead and seeking the promotion of the Union's work, while others sit back and say "Let George do it"—or something equally evasive. And so it is in the Church. The men who have the most ability among those who are willing to serve are asked to help carry on the Church's work, whatever their station, income, contribution, or what not.

Because of the diversity in the interests of its members the Church can not be brought to join in the clamor for "class-consciousness." The real Christian believer is not interested so much in the progress of a part as in the forward movement of all. Religious leaders of the modern spirit are not in sympathy with those who would divide humanity into two or more hostile camps; they are devoted to the cementing of the race in ever strengthening unity until the coming in of the great day of brotherhood. And after all, we do not know what classes are, in this country, compared with some of the lands in the old world.

Here in America, as nowhere else on earth, a man classifies himself. He may be one man's clerk to-day and another man's employer to-morrow. One man may be a craftsman or a laborer, and his son a college president. I am a preacher in a college town and I suppose I am counted in the favored class by some agitators, yet my father was, and is, a working man. At the age of twenty-four I gave up a bank place to begin high school work, and I have made my own way. No man can classify me but myself, that is the way I feel about it. It gets back to what was said before about being willing to pay the price.

It may be true that there are certain social circles in our communities which are more or less exclusive. But I submit to you that this exclusiveness is not a matter of money, in very many cases, but may be of family, or congeniality of a particular type. No one can doubt that cheerfulness and kindliness, courtesy and consideration, bring their reward every-

here in friendships and esteem. If any man has und himself turning sour toward society, let him k himself if he has really done anything for which ciety should recognize him.

Finally, the Church inculcates faith. This is ot, as formerly, a matter of belief in certain statements concerning the birth of Jesus, nor a question oncerning his expected literal second coming, nor has anything to do with rites or sacraments. But it is at vision that sees in the genuine, wholesome, unelfish life of Jesus the Divine Life, which links earth ith heaven, and it is the conviction that in the deep eart of humankind nestles this seed of divinity which ill break forth and grow into fragrance and beauty as is appealed to and cultivated. The faith of the odern day is "the giving substance to things hoped or," the earnest effort to supplant bitterness with raciousness and hostility with peace.

Surely there was never an hour when the service f the Church was more urgently needed than now. he trouble is not with the Church, it is with some who ave not kept up with the Church's progress, and who ave failed to appreciate its significant contribution o our common life.

* * *

SEVENTY

The Rev. A. Arnold Ross

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet . . . it is soon gone, and we fly away."

My boat will soon be sailing
  Across the smiling sea;
And I shall soon be borne afar
  Beyond the golden lea.

I fear nor storm nor billows,
  My Pilot safe will guide
To where loved ones are waiting me,
  Beyond the swelling tide.

E'en now I hear sweet music
  Of that dear land afar;
Comes light of splendor greater than
  From every gleaming star.

I would not haste my going,
  I would not ask delay;
For never His love will fail me,
  Nor ever faith betray.

In trusting faith I'm waiting
  My Pilot's call to me:
His loving hand will guide me safe
  Across the sunset sea.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Band Concert

THERE liveth nigh unto the Summer Home of my son a family of their friends, who also have a Summer Home in that place. And there is in that family a Little Maiden who recently had a Birthday, and on her Cake were Eight Candles.

And she came unto me complaining. And she said, The son of thy son said unto me yesterday, I do not like thee.

And I said, That was a Sad Message. Art thou Likable?

And she said, How can I know except he tell me? And he hath told me that he liketh me not.

And I said, Thou must not believe all that the boys say unto thee. Some day he will tell thee that he liketh thee; and it will keep thee guessing to decide which time to believe.

And she said, But to-day he desireth me to take him to the Band Concert to-night. For my father is coming from the City, and he and my mother are to take us to the Band Concert, and his mother is not going. But how can I invite him to the Band Concert when he doth not like me?

And I said, Some maidens have taken a chance, assuming that a Band Concert was a Favourable Place to induce a change of decision in such matters.

But she said, He hath not yet said that he liketh me.

And I said, The day still is young, and he will say it before night if thou hold out; but thy problem is, Is it better to take him and let him change his mind if he will, or to insist that he profess to like thee? And besides these there is one other alternative.

And she said, What is that? And I said, It is not to let him go with thee to the Band Concert.

And she said, I hardly think that I shall do that. But I think that he ought to like me.

And she decided to invite him to the Band Concert, and to postpone the question of his Affection for her.

Now I rather approved the wisdom of her decision; but I decided to give no advice. And indeed I do not think she needed any.

For before the sun had reached the time of noon, she had invited him and he had accepted, and there was no Apparent Coldness between them.

But here I saw what seemed to me an Instance of Inexorable Fate. For just when it was all decided that she would take him with her, and let the question of his liking her wait developments, Grim Destiny set in. For my little grandson's mother decided that her children must go to bed at the usual time, and that he could not be Among Those Present at the Band Concert.

Now this little tragedy I have seen enacted on a Larger Stage not once or twice. And I have said that if we love each other it were better to say so, for there are Strange Freaks of Fate that settle many problems for us.

For after all of these things it Rained, and there was no Band Concert that night.

* * *

DICKENS IN BRONZE

She is an old negro mammy and has been in the employ of Albert Kraemer, vice-president of the Fuerst and Kraemer Company, for many years. Yesterday she was dusting and when she came to a bronze bust of Charles Dickens she stopped and inquired:

"Mistah Kraemer, who am dis here genman?"

"That is Charles Dickens, aunty, the noted author," replied Mr. Kraemer.

"Am dat him?" Old aunty's eyes shone with delight. "I'se done hyear a lot about dat Dickens. 'Deed, Mistah Kraemer, I'se done hyear so much about him, I allus thought he was a white genman."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

A PRAYER

I know a Man whose simple creed
  Taught other men to serve and give;
But we have worshiped gods of Greed
  That serve the shameless lives we live.

O lonely Man of Galilee,
  O Master, touch the hearts of men;
Help us to build the world-to-be,
  Give us thy simple truths again.

Harold D. Carew, in Boston Transcript.

NITRO'S TROLLEY RIDE

NITRO was a clever Airedale terrier. He was very dignified with strangers, but with his young master, Alex Fisher, he was as friendly and frisky as possible. Alec and his chum, Norman Merrill, taught Nitro all kinds of funny tricks.

One of those tricks was very useful. Every day when Alec and his chum went to school Nitro went with them as far as the post office, where Alec got the mail and put it into a hand bag. Then he put the handle of the bag in Nitro's mouth and told him to go home. Nitro always obeyed; he never failed to carry the bag straight home and lay it at Mrs. Fisher's feet.

One spring Alec received an invitation to spend a fortnight with his uncle and aunt who had just moved to the city. Uncle Phil wrote that he should be passing through the village in his automobile and would stop for his nephew. Alec was delighted at the thought of visiting the city. "But Nitro will make a dreadful fuss when I leave," he said to Norman. "Suppose you take him off for a walk before Uncle Phil gets here." So Norman agreed to do it.

But Uncle Phil came sooner than he was expected. The two boys and Nitro were in the yard when the automobile stopped at the gate. Alec went into the house to get his suitcase and hand bag, and Norman whistled hurriedly to Nitro and started off down the road.

Nitro didn't want to go; at every few steps he would turn and look back toward the house.

Norman had intended to stroll off into the woods, but he remembered suddenly that he had forgotten to get the mail that morning.

"I'll hurry to the post office," he said to himself, "and keep Nitro there until the car has gone by."

If he had not found a favorite magazine in the mail all would have been well; but in the midst of an interesting story he looked up to see the tip of Nitro's tail disappearing through the half-open door. At the same moment a car rolled by the window, and Norman saw that it was Alec's uncle's car.

He rushed to the door. Nitro was racing after the car, and, though Norman called loudly, the dog paid no attention to him.

"Now I've done it!" he thought ruefully.

Meanwhile Alec was enjoying every minute. He was glad that Uncle Phil was not a fast driver; the trip would be all the longer if they went slowly.

When they had gone about half a mile he turned to look back at the village and saw a cloud of dust whirling along the highway.

Alec stretched his neck. "Looks like somebody chasing us on a bicycle," he said. He leaned far out as Uncle Phil slowed down a little. "No, it's a dog," he said. Then he added in quick dismay, "Why, it's my own dog!"

He opened the door and jumped out as the car stopped and the dog came up. "Nitro, Nitro!" he cried reproachfully. Nitro, so tired that he could hardly wag his tail, almost fell at his master's feet. Alec turned to his uncle and his aunt. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know how he got away."

There was nothing to do but to take Nitro into the car. Uncle Phil and Aunt Abbie were good-natured about it, but Alec could see that the newcomer was not very welcome. He felt much worried as they started on their journey again. Poor Nitro was still panting; every now and then he turned and looked humbly at Alec.

Alec gave him a forgiving pat or two, but all the joy was gone out of the trip. He sat staring at the road ahead and wishing that he could think of something to do.

All at once he sat up straight. He had not noticed that they were riding parallel with a car track, but now he saw an electric car coming round a curve some distance ahead. The sight of the car put an idea into his mind.

"Uncle Phil, will you stop a minute?" he said.

"What for?" asked Uncle Phil, but he stopped.

Alec hastily dumped out the contents of his hand bag. The next moment he had jumped out of the automobile, pulling Nitro with him as he went, and was signaling to the motorman of the electric car.

"I know the conductors on this line," he called to his uncle. "Maybe this one will let Nitro travel home on his car."

The trolley car came to a standstill, and the conductor looked out.

"Mr. Collins," Alec said eagerly. "Nitro followed my uncle's car, and he'll be a dreadful nuisance. Could you give him a ride as far as the square?"

The conductor laughed. "Well, the company won't care so long as I can vouch for the dog; and I know Nitro. Put him aboard."

Nitro looked up into his master's face; he seemed to know what was coming.

Alec put the handle of the bag into the dog's mouth and motioned him to jump into the car. "Home, Nitro," he said.

Though Nitro looked wistful, he obeyed instantly. He knew what that bag meant—something that he was responsible for, something that he must carry home.

As the car moved off Alec saw Nitro stalk in a gnified way down the aisle and jump into the first npty seat. A boy and a girl who were in the next at turned and looked at him with interest. Nitro t up, straight and dignified, with the bag in his outh. A moment more, and Uncle Phil's car disapeared in one direction and the trolley car in the other.

Norman Merrill happened to be standing in the llage square when the electric car stopped there. itro was the first passenger to get off. At the sight him Norman gave a shout of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, you old rascal, you!" he cried as he ran rward. "Where did you come from?"

Nitro waved his tail slightly and glanced at Norman out of the corner of his eye. Then, holding his ead high, he walked past him and down the street. ollowing at a respectful distance, Norman saw him ass through the Fisher gate and lay the bag at the et of Alec's mother, who was sitting on the porch.

"You scamp," Norman called. "You needn't ell if you don't want to. Just so you're back, I don't are how you got here."

Nitro wagged his tail briskly; he looked exactly as he were laughing. Then he lay down on the porch ith a sigh and went to sleep.—*Paul Nason, in Youth's ompanion.*

* * *

THE PIRATE CAT

Oh, once there was a pirate cat
As black as black could be;
He told the kittens thrilling tales
Of horrid things at sea.

He bragged of all the wrong he'd done;
He yarned of wreck and fight,
And scared those little cats until
They could not sleep at night.

He said he'd seen cats walk the plank
And cats hung by their tails;
He'd helped kidnap a kitten once,
Despite the mother's wails.

"In fact," he said, "I really am
The baddest thing I know;
And when I come a-stealing round
It's time for you to go."

Just then the kittens' mistress came,
And, seeing him, cried "Scat!"
Which seemed to sadly disconcert
That wicked pirate cat.

Moral

If any pirates, bad and black,
Bring wicked tales to you,
Just think of that and cry out "Scat!"
And see what they will do.

Exchange.

* * *

THE KURDS

In the Turkish portion of the more or less indefinite Kurdian—the region under three governments in which the Kurds e found—three peoples now dwell, and in a sense compete: urds, Armenians and Turks. The Kurds, being the conered race, hold the mountains and some of the less accessible lleys and basins. The Armenians occupy a position interediate between the Kurds and the Turks. Sometimes they e in the heart of the mountains and are of a decidedly warlike character. Often they occupy somewhat secluded basins, or even hang on to some portions of the fertile plains which they possessed before the World War. The Turks, as befits the most recent conquerors, are generally confined to the richest plains and the cities.

The Kurds of Persia are in turn racially quite distinct from the Persians and have rarely been submissive to the central government. They are in reality semi-barbaric, nomadic tribes that live on their flocks and by hunting in these wild mountain valleys. They have their own national costume, which is perhaps the most picturesque in all Persia.

Almost always armed to the teeth, these tribesmen look particularly romantic when dashing down a boulder-strewn hillside on their sure-footed ponies; the gleam of a rifle slung over a shoulder; flowing purple turban loosely bound around a huge black felt hat; broad, colorful scarf about the waist, half hiding two or even three bandoleers, and above which projects hilt of a knife and a locally made revolver, or perhaps a German automatic Mauser; baggy trousers, gaily tasseled and embroidered saddle-cloths, and a certain air of bravado withal that vividly recalls an Oriental, a more brilliant Velasquez or those gallantly attired heroes so naively shown in old Persian miniatures.

The Kurdish women are generally somber in dress, but do not hide the beauty of their faces under veils as strictly as the Persian women.

Whether living in Turkey, Persia or the new state of Irak, the Kurds are Mohammedans. But they are not as serious or fanatical in religious matters as the Arabs and the Turks. Nominally they belong to the Shiah sect of Mohammedans. Some of them, however, are very cosmopolitan in their religious observances, and when away from home readily join in prayers in either a Shiah or Sunni mosque. They have even been known when in Armenian villages to join in the Christian service of the Armenian Church, kneeling and bowing with the congregation.—*From a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.*

* * *

LUCKY THEY WERE HIP BOOTS

A well-known writer was trying to illustrate the conservatism of the Maine backwoodsmen. Two of them, he said, were walking through the woods one day when they came upon the body of a man lying on the bank of a stream. They looked at it carefully and decided that it was the body of their friend Ed Simpson. They went to his house and knocked at the door. Simpson himself opened it.

"Hello, Ed," said one. "Say, we come on the dead body of a man over there we kind o' thought was you."

"That so?" said Ed. "What'd he look like?"

"Well, he was about your build—"

"Have on a gray flannel shirt?"

"Yop."

"Boots?"

"Yop."

"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"

"Let's see. Which was they, Charley, knee boots or hip boots? Oh yes! They was hip boots."

"Nope," said Ed, "'twa'n't me."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* * *

HALF-RIGHT

I heard Matthew Arnold lecture on Emerson when he was in Philadelphia; but the only impression I retain of the lecturer is that he spoke with a pronounced English accent, and that he wore ill-fitting clothes; consequently, I was very much amused the other evening when I came across the following anecdote. On his return to England, Matthew Arnold called on Mrs. Procter, the mother of "Barry Cornwall." The lady was old, but not too old to be witty. He expected to be asked his opinion of America; instead, she asked what was America's opinion of him. "Well," Arnold replied, "they said that my clothes didn't fit and that I was very conceited." To which the lady made response, "Matthew, I think they were mistaken about the clothes." —*A. Edward Newton, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Sept. 17, Stockton, Ill.

Sept. 25, Maine Y. P. C. U. Convention, Auburn.

Oct. 1. Western Ohio District Rally, New Madison.

Oct. 7. Indiana Y. P. C. U. Convention, Oaklandon.

Oct. 8. Illinois Y. P. C. U. Convention, Joliet.

Oct. 12. Wisconsin Convention, Wausau.

Oct. 14-15. Minnesota Y. P. C. U. Convention, Rochester.

* *

A CITY WITH AN IDEAL

Chicago is not perfect, but with all her faults I love her still. I began to fall in love with Chicago when I went there to the World's Fair, and three years later, when I went there to live, my infatuation became complete.

Like most of our human loves, my affection was called forth not only by what the city was, but by the evidence of what she might become. The difference between Chicago and the New Jerusalem is the same as the difference between the new and old interpretations of the last article of our Universalist faith. We used to interpret our doctrine of final harmony as something complete and finished. "When all the race of man shall be with Jesus in the skies." That was the New Jerusalem, with its golden streets and pearly gates, and no problems of urban transportation or pure water supply. Now we think of the harmony of all souls with God as harmony with Him in desire and purpose, so that we are trying to accomplish what He is trying to accomplish in His world. That is Chicago: a city with an ideal, even if it is a long way from its realization. I fell in love with the ideal Chicago when I was a young lad, and every visit I make there deepens my affection, greatly as I regret that she is so slow in transforming herself into the City of God.

A Municipal Microcosm

Once upon a time I was discussing with a friend who had traveled much more widely than I the characteristics of several American cities, and he remarked that there were buildings in each city which seemed to him to typify the place, and to embody its spirit in a single structure. He spoke of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and the Public Library in Boston. He was right about the latter; to me the Woolworth Building, the Church of St. Woolworth as Dr. Newton tells us it has sometimes been called, is more typical of New York.

Then I asked him what he considered typical of Chicago. Now he never fell in love with the Windy City, and does not hold it in high esteem, and he answered, "Well, I guess the Stockyards are typical of Chicago." But he was wrong. I have lived in Chicago, and while it does not rest in the odor of sanctity, neither is the corner of Root and Halsted Streets its idea of a civic center. Many a time and oft, out of my love for the great, outstretching city built on the border line between the Lakes and Prairies, did I think of what he said, and searched for the true answer to the question, until I found it.

And the answer is Hull House: and it is located on Halsted Street. Down in the center of the West Side's "lower east side," where Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew and twenty others rub elbows with the Turks and Irish and French and native Americans, stands this living monument to a great woman's great faith that in the midst of a great polyglot city a real human brotherhood, overstepping bounds of race and color and creed, can be established.

The Other Side

At Northfield this summer, a part of the course at the Sunday School Institute was a song, one of whose verses had for its burden, "What makes Chicago, Ill., boys, what makes Chicago, Ill.?"

Chicago is ill, and so is every other city and hamlet the wide world over, but Chicago has a peculiar disease, and one of the hardest to combat. I am afraid it can only be cured by a specialist who will demand a retainer fee of a million dollars at least, and with all my faith in her I am not sure that the city will realize her need. My visit there last week made me see the danger as never before.

Sherwood Eddy, in a recent pamphlet, "America, Its Problems and Perils," in a section devoted to "Propaganda and the Press," says: "If you take Chicago and all the cities of the Middle West dependent upon it, you have a newspaper claiming to be the greatest on earth, which is throughout typified by its motto, "Right or wrong, my country," not of course that right matters particularly! The only alternative to this morning paper is one of the Hearst papers, in that stream of poisoned yello journalism that now stretches throughou America from coast to coast, that woul drag us on the one hand into war wit England, on the other into war with Japa and on the south into war with Mexic These are the alternatives of reading matte presented to the people of that great crim infested city of Chicago."

That is one thing that makes Chicago il and will continue to do so until once mor there is a morning paper there that wi stand by the ideals of the old *Chicag Record*, or the *Tribune* in the days c Joseph Medill.

Last Saturday I was made ill, and fightin mad at the same time, by the publicatio of a cartoon by John T. McCutcheor entitled, "If we had accepted the Mandat for Armenia." It showed Uncle Sam stand ing above the turmoil in the Near East, an shouting, "More men, more guns, mor battleships, more submarines!" and callin America to arms. That same day th papers carried the news that twenty-fiv thousand Christian girls had been carrie away as captives and distributed amon the Turkish regiments. The fact probabl is that if we had accepted the mandate fo Armenia, there would have been no Turk ish outbreak, and no 120,000 victims o Turkish cruelty in the Smyrna distric alone. That cartoon, which is typical o Chicago morning journalism, and of jour nalism in other cities as well, and of som public opinion in America, made me fee just as I would to see an innocent girl be ing attacked by a band of savages, whil there stood by and looked on a man wit hands folded over his capacious stomach and saying in sanctimonious hypocrisy "Thank God, I am not responsible for he safety."

And yet I love Chicago, for there is Hul House at her heart, and she is built upo the broad prairies where all men stand o the same level, and where a city of poten tial brothers is on its way to become th City of God.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work
Boston, Sept. 21.

For the Quiet Hour

"The supreme test of the church is not the number of hours it has kept open, the excellence of its music, the equipment of its kitchen, the size of its men's club, the variety of its philanthropic activities, or the success of its annual bazar, but rather the number of persons whom its services have brought to repentance, comforted in sorrow, cheered in hardships, filled with love of Jesus and sent forth into the world to live the Golden Rule."

A Christian character may be displayed before our eyes at home, and we may never discover it, just because it is at home. Aye, and let us beware of this, lest our hard ways, our proud ways, ou selfish tempers and our want of love, ma all be the daily cross and thorn of som child of God hidden from our eyes in ou own homes.

Alexander Whyte.

You will find it less easy to uproot fault than to choke them by gaining virtues Do not think of your faults, still less o others' faults. In every person who come near you look for what is good and strong honor that; try to imitate it, and you faults will drop off like dead leaves whe their time comes.

Ruskin.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

HAVE YOU READ THEM?

Reports of summer conferences have occupied considerable space in this column during the past few weeks. In publishing them we have tried to share with those not in attendance something of the inspiration of these gatherings.

We hope the time is not far distant when every church in our denomination will include in its budget for the year the sending of potential leaders to these great meetings. If we are to have a *living* Church it must be made up of members fired with missionary zeal and enthusiasm. This can be obtained in no better place than the so-called "power house for missions"—the summer conference.

Our final report tells of one which was held Aug. 22-26 at

Murray Grove

Any one who attends a missionary institute conducted under the leadership of Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary should do so with an open mind. If there is the slightest suspicion at the start that such a meeting is likely to be dull, it will soon be dispelled.

The Murray Grove institute was held in the chapel for five mornings and there were twenty-six students enrolled. Every moment of Mrs. Cary's two periods was made interesting through her untiring devotion and spirit. The adult members of the class sat on the edges of the chairs, waiting for the next word, just as eagerly as did little Ruth Kramer when the story of the "Magic Box" was being told.

Mrs. Alvord, conducting the methods period, showed a thorough knowledge of her subject and made the hour devoted to the mechanics of organization active and full of "go."

Presentations and playlets added greatly to the effectiveness of the lessons on India. One morning we had with us two young Indian brides in native costume and a widow, gowned in a white sari. Each told of her life, the unspeakable hardships through which she had passed and the years ahead which must be spent in sorrow.

On another morning we were visited by Dr. Ida S. Scudder (Mrs. McGlauflin) and we heard and saw enacted the call which was responsible for her decision to become a medical missionary. Mr. Kramer and Mr. Alvord made admirable Hindus, though we hope they will not give up their pastorates to follow dramatics! Still another time we were shown in graphic manner the great hold which ignorance, poverty, and caste have upon the people of India.

It was indeed interesting to travel from the little chapel at Murray Grove to such places as Lucknow and Vellore, but it was heartrending, too. Surely no one who took the course at Murray Grove during this institute could *ever* disbelieve in missions.

Leah Wheeler.

DIRECT FROM INDIA

Not only in America do people study missions. In a personal letter to one of our Universalist women her niece, who is living in Calcutta, writes as follows:

"I wonder if I have told you about the study class the 'Y' women are having. There are six of us who have stayed past the season and we are studying 'The Ancient Church and Modern India,' by Phillips. We are taking the chapters alphabetically and meeting at the leader's home. I had my chapter last Friday and had dreaded it because the other women are all college graduates with degrees.

"The other day we took a walk down Noyes Road, through an Indian village where we peeked in at a real Indian school. The children were all studying aloud and it sounded like a beehive. Then we went on through the bazar and stopped at Ghulam nabi's to do some shopping.

"I must tell you about Coaker's Walk. It was made under the direction of, and therefore named after, Lieut.-Colonel Coaker, who was at the time on duty in the district. It runs round Mt. Nebo and on a rock midway is cut the date and name 'Coaker's Walk—1872.'

"It is a lovely stroll, especially in the evening. The view is magnificent—always different; the distant hills a deep blue and often appearing so near, then purple and very hazy, while at other times quite green, with the plains always red and hot-looking in contrast. From it one can trace the ghat (mountain) road up which we came; towards the left are the sholas or woods.

"The mountain, standing alone and looking like an extinct volcano, is 7,328 feet high and is called the 'Big Hill.' In the distance toward the left are the little hills, 4,435 feet."

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS EARLE DID IT

A number of letters have come to headquarters commending and congratulating the officers of the General Association upon the material sent out for the International Missionary Offering. Be it known to all people that Rev. A. Gertrude Earle is entitled to the credit for the good work.

It may be that some minister or superintendent has failed to receive the literature. If so, we should be notified at once.

* *

DOCTOR COE AT SYRACUSE

The New York State Association is to be congratulated upon securing as one of the speakers at the Syracuse Convention, Dr. George A. Coe, of Union Theological Seminary. His very presence will give dignity to the gathering and his message is certain to be full of both instruction and inspiration.

* *

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

This important day in the Church year comes on Oct. 29. While there may be a few Sunday schools which for local reasons will have to deviate, it is hoped that practically all will observe that particular day, thus getting the inspiration that will come from doing something in unison with the right-thinking people of every land.

Our Temperance Superintendent will send to every school a folder containing a brief history of the remarkable and distinguished record our denomination has had in temperance reform history and prohibition achievement. In addition he will send a special *resume* of the successful operation of Prohibition thus far, and a special statement concerning the dangers of a return to "beer and wine." He will send this material to every pastor and superintendent about Oct. 8, with such suggestions as will make it easily possible for every school to present a brief but forceful temperance program. For special information or suggestion at any time write to the superintendent, Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, 508 East Jackson St., Muncie, Ind.

* *

NEW SCHOOLS

Since the Worcester Convention, four new schools have been added to our list.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.
McHenry, Ill. (Reorganized.)
Sheshequin, Pa.
Garland, Ala.

It is worthy of comment that all these schools are in sections where special effort to organize is being made. Rev. Lucy Markley, the efficient president of the Illinois Sunday School Association, reports the first two. She gives the credit for the reorganization at McHenry to the student pastor, Rev. John Grimes.

Garland, Ala., is one of the fruits of the work of our Southern Superintendent, Rev. Francis B. Bishop.

Sheshequin, Pa., is the first accomplishment of Miss Jennie Lois Ellis, Sunday School Field Worker for Pennsylvania. This school sends in a very complete order for material from Cradle Roll to Home Department, and begins its history with weekly offering envelopes. This reveals the advantage of a trained organizer on the field. Miss Ellis was placed in Sheshequin to stay until a school was organized and under way. Her success might be repeated in many places in our country by the experienced and trained worker on the spot. Is Pennsylvania going to "show us?"

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity.—At the opening service, Sunday, Sept. 17, there was an unusually large congregation. A significant and prophetic fact is the coming of many strangers to the Cathedral Church. Dr Newton delivered the address at the laying of the cornerstone of the new $5,000,000 Masonic Temple at Detroit. President Harding was expected to speak, but could not because of pressing duties and the illness of Mrs. Harding. Dr. Newton will address the Y. P. C. U. at the Syracuse Convention. The Children's Church will commence its work the second Sunday in October, in charge of the associate minister, the Rev. Helene Ulrich. Miss Ulrich is to preach two Sundays in Washington. * * **Mt. Vernon.**—Miss Ulrich supplied the pulpit two Sundays in September. Plans are being discussed for the future that prophesy the best days for the faith and this church. * * **All Souls.**—Two September Sunday services, under the ministration of Dr. Arthur W. Grose, were greatly enjoyed. During the summer the Year Book of the church, prepared by Mr. Edwin Wilson and Miss Freeman, was distributed. A trained kindergarten teacher has been engaged by the Sunday school, and an adult class formed. Miss Freeman has been invited to address the New Hampshire Y. P. C. U. Convention, Sept. 26. The cheery report from the efficient parish worker is "Everything going." * * **Good Tidings.**—The Rev. B. B. Gibbs returns to his field bronzed and strengthened by out-of-door life on the shores of Cape Cod Bay. Mr. Gibbs has proved himself a builder, as a garage and work upon a cottage at his summer home evidence. His aim and endeavor is to build up Good Tidings that it may be independent of Convention aid. * * **Our Father.**—Improvements made by a faithful sexton gave the congregation at the opening service, Sept. 17, pleasure and satisfaction. The property is very carefully maintained. During one of the severe thunder storms of the summer, lightning struck the church tower, but fortunately limited the damage to the thorough smashing of one of the tower windows. The evening lectures that have been popular for eighteen years, will commence a new year Oct. 29. * * **Washington Heights.**—The Rev. C. J. Harris reports that Camp Wamego, the boys' camp maintained by him, closed with the record, "The most successful camp in the Adirondacks." Through the organization of the camp the church has gained a large number of unchurched children, and several families. The opening service was held in the vestry of the new church, and largely attended. Mr. Harris is planning a conplete program of community activities. Two Sunday services will be held and the church used daily. The formal dedication will probably be held in October, and the pastor is anticipating for the occasion a union service of the Metropolitan churches. * * **A Program by a Fundamentalist.**—Dr. Straton, a successful sensationalist and one of the leaders in the Fundamentalist movement, journeyed across the East River to Brooklyn a few days ago to say several things. It is well for us to read his words. He said: "We must Christianize and Americanize New York or New York will Europeanize and paganize America. Of the population of the city at present 45 per cent is foreign-born, and 60 per cent is of foreign-born parents. In the past ten years, 107 churches in Manhattan have sickened, disappeared, died. The pathos, the challenge, the tragic importance of all this is a clarion call to Christians to return to the glorious art of soul winning. It is a call to concentration and to consecration. It is high time we substituted for recreation regeneration and for social service salvation."

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Oct. 3-5. New York State Convention, Syracuse.

Oct. 5-7. Indiana Convention, Oaklandon.

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 12-13. Wisconsin Convention, Wausau.

Oct. 14-15. Ontario Universalist Convention, Olinda, Ont.

Oct. 16-17. Michigan State Convention, Concord.

Oct. 19. Public Meeting Massachusetts W. U. M. S., Waltham.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Oct. 26-29. Florida Convention, De Funiak Springs.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,765
Vernon, Vt.	4
Sharpsburg, Ill.	6
Inman's Chapel, N. C.	2
Total	1,777

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 785. Sharpsburg, Ill., 3. Inman's Chapel, N. C., 2. Vernon, Vt., 5. Total, 795.

Illinois

Sharpsburg,—Rev. J. M. Grimes, pastor. An opportunity was given this church to co-operate with the churches of Edinburg, Ill., in Sunday evening union services for the summer. The minister here gave the sermon on July 17, and both he and his message were received in very fine spirit. On Aug. 20, a very pleasant all day meeting was held at the church, with lunch at noon. Three members were received into the church and three children baptized at this time. On Sept. 17 three additional members were received at the close of a short series of meetings conducted by the pastor. This finished his work here for the summer. The people greatly appreciated his work among us.

Peoria.—Rev. B. G. Carpenter, D. D., pastor. The early part of the month of September was very warm in this section, and it was not until the third Sunday of the month that we could distinctly feel the "going" spirit in the work of the church. All departments are under good leadership and in the regular morning services we plan to work out, to a much more definite end, the idea that this church is "a school of the soul." Sermons in courses with printed matter for each individual member to study, also some form of "review" in which each is expected to show progress, will be used. The second annual "Booster Meeting" opening the season's work was held Wednesday evening, the 13th. A picnic supper is served and each department sets forth the plans of that department for the season. In this way satisfactory dates are arranged and each person gets a grasp of the whole organization. It is also a valuable social session. During the summer Mr. and Mrs. William Hawley Smith have passed from this form of life, leaving us inspiring memories and examples of loyalty and loving service.

Massachusetts

Canton.—Regular church services have been resumed with Harold G. D. Scott of the A. Nash Company occupying the pulpit, until a regular pastor is settled. His sermons are of a high order. Mr. Scott's many friends have urged him to re-enter the ministry, feeling that his talents are exceptional and that his loss to the ministry is great. Sunday school sessions have also been resumed with a full quota of teachers and an assistant to the superintendent. The school is in a flourishing condition. The parish recognizes its great potential value to the future of the church.

Worcester, First.—Rev. Vincent E. omlinson, D. D., pastor. The summer ound us busy with the G. S. S. A. and the . P. C. U. Conventions, which we enoyed greatly. In view of the fact that ithin the past five years we have had the eneral Convention and the State Y. P. . U. Convention, in addition to these reent ones, some have said that Worcester ught to be called the "Convention City." Ve have still one more that we would be lad to entertain, the Massachusetts Jniversalist Convention, which has not net with us in nearly a score of years. The ay after the Y. P. C. U. Convention adourned, carpenters were putting up scafoldirg and soon the work of redecorating he auditorium and vestibule was being igorously pushed. Sunday, Sept. 10, ound everything completed and a congreation which filled the auditorium atended the opening service in what seemed lmost a new church. We were only orry that the work could not have been lone before our summer guests had come, nstead of after they had departed. Sunday, Sept. 17, Rev. John C. Millian, who s studying in the School of Religious Education in Boston, began his work as an ssistant in the Sunday school, his special work being with the members of the intermediate and senior departments. Miss Ruth J. Johnson being obliged to resign as superintendent, Willis E. Griffin is now serving in that position.

North Carolina

Inman's Chapel.—Rev. Hannah J. Powell, pastor. Special services were held Sept. 17 in observance of a year's continuous activity with a resident pastor. At the morning service two children—great-great-grandchildren of Father Inman—were christened. Dinner was served on the grounds. At the close of the afternoon service a communion service was held, and two members were received into the church. On Sept. 18 the pastor left for a month's vacation.

Ohio

Greenville.—Rev. J. D. MacLean is "holding the fort" here. His son recently visited us and seeing the needs of the church contributed $100 to the building fund. Necessary repairs are being made. In the sudden death of Mr. D. H. Horn this church has lost a loyal friend and member.

Mt. Gilead.—Rev. Sara L. Stoner, pastor. For the first time during the present pastorate of over four years, the Universalists were invited to co-operate in the series of union services held during July and August. Accordingly Mrs. Stoner occupied the pulpits of the Presbyterian and the Methodist churches, taking her turn with the other pastors. Our church acted as fraternal hostess at two Sunday evening services, the Baptist minister delivering the sermon one evening, and Dr. Eby, Associate Secretary of the Ohio Federation of Churches, speaking at the other meeting. A splendid spirit of fellowship was shown. The Sunday school, though small in membership, averages one hundred per cent attendance, with a per capita offering ranging from 25 to 30 cents. It recently voted $65 toward the expense of painting the exterior of the church. On Sept. 13, Mrs. Stoner gave an address before the Parent-Teacher Association of Prospect, on "The Best Way to Use the Bible in Our Public Schools," which was so favorably received that it was voted publication in the local paper.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. On Sept. 10-11 services were held to celebrate the newly federated church, All Souls, the union of the Unitarian Congregational society, organized in 1831, and the Universalist church, organized in 1842. At the Monday evening services the speakers were Rev. William Wallace Fenn, D. D., Dean of Harvard Divinity School, and Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Dean of Crane Theological School.

* *

THE BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

Another meeting with a large attendance, showing that the ministers around the "Hub" are wide awake at the opening of the year. The president announced that the next meeting would be devoted to a general discussion of the address of Dr. Lowe. The speaker at the meeting on Monday was Dr. T. Hsieh of China. We must say that all who failed to hear this address missed one of the greatest opportunities to learn much regarding that big republic. The speech was unique as an example of fervid eloquence. Dr. Hsieh's English is perfect, his sense of humor abounding, and his sacred commitment to the future of his own country, especially in her relations to America, stirred all who heard him to enthusiasm.

* *

DEATH OF TAME IMAI SATOH

Nearly all of our people of fifteen or twenty years ago will remember Tame Imai, who came to America from our Mission in Japan, to study at Lombard and Tufts College. She had a very charming personality, a broad and receptive mind and a warm heart. She was keenly observant and very adaptable, so that she very soon had a working knowledge of English, and later became very proficient in the use of our language, delivering interesting addresses in our churches. About the same time there came to Tufts College another Japanese, Mr. K. Satoh by name, and these two were thrown much together, naturally. Mr. Satoh prepared for our ministry and was ordained at a unique service in the old "Every-day Church" of which Dr. Perin was pastor. Almost immediately after this service Mr. Satoh and Miss Imai departed for Japan on the same steamer, and very soon after their arrival were married, and almost immediately became prominent lay workers in our Church.

And now comes from Miss Hathaway a letter telling of the death of Mrs. Satoh. She died July 19 at the home of her mother. After an illness of only two days, "Tame," as we used to like to call her, passed away from the earth she had helped to make beautiful. Brief services were held at the home of her mother, then on the 23d the funeral was held at the Universalist church, where there was scarcely standing room for those who came to pay tribute. Mrs. Satoh leaves three sons, the oldest aged sixteen. Mr. Satoh and all our workers in Japan will receive the profound sympathy of our whole church membership.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS MISSION CIRCLES ATTENTION!

On Friday evening, Oct. 6, a Mass Meeting of our Universalist women will be held to greet officers of our National Board, and to listen to their ringing messages which they are sure to bring. Time and place will be announced later. Save the date. Show your respect and your interest, and give our visiting friends a sample of courtesy and zeal and recognition. Come and bring friends, that it may prove a meeting worth while to all privileged to attend.

Our brethren everywhere are cordially invited and will be most welcome.

Grace F. White, President.

* *

NEW STATE SUPERINTENDENT FOR MASSACHUSETTS

The conclusion of the term of exceptional services as Massachusetts State Superintendent by Dr. George E. Leighton, who has accepted a call to the First Universalist Church of Somerville, left a vacancy to be filled only by a man of the largest caliber. The committee having the choice in charge, thinking only the best would do, has called Dr. Leroy W. Coons, the president of the State Convention and pastor of our large church in Haverhill. In the announcement of the election the committee says: "No words of ours are necessary to reveal the wisdom of this choice, nor the pre-eminent fitness of Dr. Coons for the service required. He will assume charge of the office on Nov. 1."

* *

ROGERS ASSOCIATION

The seventy-fourth annual session of the Rogers Association was held at Manchester, Ind., Aug. 18-20. Rev. Pearl Patrick Mock preached the occasional sermon, as well as several other sermons during the meetings.

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: E. P. Ross, moderator; Sadie L. Barnes, clerk; Jasper Ross, treasurer. The next session will be held at Milan, Ind., in August, 1923.

Sadie L. Barnes, Clerk.

A WARNING

Several of our people have been victimized during the last few months by a woman about thirty-five years old, who says she is a Universalist and claims acquaintance with Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, Rev. Dwight A. Ball, and others, but who is known to be unworthy of assistance. Our people can find better use for their sympathy and money than by bestowing them in this quarter.

* *

THE STETSONS ARRIVE IN JAPAN

Wireless from Empress of Canada *via* Empress of Australia. Ocean letter received *via* Vancouver:

September 3.

Make port to-morrow. Smooth passage. All happy. Please notify mother and Roger Etz.

Stetson.

* *

Notices

INDIANA SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

Proposal of Amendment

At the coming session of the Indiana Sunday School Convention at Oaklandon in October, the following proposed amendment to the Constitution will be acted upon:

In Article IX change the words "shall be held at the same time and place as the Universalist Convention of Indiana" to "shall be held at a separate time and place from the Universalist Convention of Indiana."

Jessie Eubank, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK W. U. M. S.

The twenty-eighth annual Convention of the New York W. U. M. S. will be held at Syracuse, Oct. 3-4. Election of officers will take place, reports will be heard and other business transacted.

Edith W. Johnson, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The ninety-seventh annual session of the New York Convention will be held at Syracuse, Oct. 3-5, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

W. N. M. A. BOARD MEETING

The Executive Board of the Women's National Missionary Association will meet at 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 3-5. Annual reports will be received and such other business transacted as may legally come before it.

Marion W. Lobdell, Rec. Sec.

* *

INDIANA CONVENTION

The annual Convention of the Universalists of Indiana will meet in Oaklandon Oct. 5, 6 and 7, 1922.

P. M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

ILLINOIS CONVENTION

The annual session of the Illinois Convention and other state organizations will meet at Joliet, Oct. 8-11, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may properly and regularly come before it.

Joseph M. Tilden, Secretary.

* *

ALABAMA STATE CONVENTION

The Alabama Universalist Convention will hold its annual session at Brewton, Ala., Nov. 3-5. This will be the first meeting in the beautiful remodeled church building, and the people of the parish will welcome and royally entertain all visiting friends. Representatives of various denominational interests will be with us. Send name to undersigned for assignment of house. Come and bring others with you.

H. T. Crumpton, Secretary.

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17-18, 1922, in New York City. Any matters to be brought to the attention of the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Oct. 10.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.
176 *Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.*

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION BOOKS

The books of the General Convention close on Sept. 30, 1922, which is the end of the current fiscal year. All moneys to be credited on this year's accounts must be in the hands of the Secretary by that date.

* *

IOWA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of license for one year has been granted to Rev. George Wood of Blaine, Wash., lately a clergyman in the Congregational Church.

O. G. Colegrove, Secretary.

* *

ILLINOIS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The parish at Hutsonville has asked for the ordination of its pastor-elect, Mr. Armon Cheek, and the parish at Litchfield has made the same request for Mr. Curt Conner. The Illinois Fellowship Committee will meet these two candidates for examination at Joliet Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 4 p. m.

Lewis B. Fisher, Secretary.

* *

MICHIGAN UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The Michigan Universalist Convention will meet at Concord, Oct. 16-17. Rev. H. J. Powell of North Carolina, Rev. L. R. Robinson, and Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., will be present. The Concord parish will gladly entertain all who come. Notify Mrs. A. J. Hungerford, Concord, Mich., in order to secure lodgings.

William Couden, Secretary.

* *

ONTARIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Ontario Fellowship Committee will meet at Blenheim Oct. 2 at 3 p. m. for the examination of George H. Campbell as to his character and fitness for ordination.

Esther Longland, Secretary.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The license as lay preacher of Mrs. Josephine B Folsom is renewed for a space of three years from Aug. 12, 1922.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING

Massachusetts W. U. M. S.

The Mission Circle of the Universalist Church, Waltham, extends a cordial invitation for every one who can to attend a Public Meeting Thursday, Oct. 19. Important work is to be done by the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts this year, and addresses on the same will be given at this time, also inspirational addresses, and information on a fine philanthropic work. Please plan to attend, if possible, and give inspiration by your presence. Watch for program.

Mary E. Nye,
Chairman of Public Meetings Committee.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfer of fellowship of Rev. W. H. Skeels from General Convention, dated Sept. 9, 1922, accepted Sept. 20, 1922, by this committee.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

FLORIDA STATE CONVENTION

The Florida Universalist State Convention will hold its annual sessions in the Universalist church at De Funiak Springs, commencing Thursday evening, Oct. 26, and concluding with the Sunday services, Oct. 29.

The program can not be definitely announced at this time, but it is practically certain to have as speakers some of our leading denominational leaders.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to friends and all Universalists to be with us at that time.

A. Arnold Ross, Pastor.

NOTICE

Due notice is hereby given that at the next regular session of the Alabama Universalist Convention to be held in Brewton, Nov 3-5, an entirely new constitution will be presented for adoption.

Committee on New Constitution.

* *

Married

Howe-Freeland.—In Newton, Ill., Sept. 5, by Rev. Edward M. Minor, William Howe of Casey and Mrs. Clara Freeland of Greenup.

Smith-Christie.—In Lockport, N. Y., Sept 6, by Rev. William J. Metz, Everett Smith and Millicent Catherine Christie.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

FOR RENT

The Murray Grove Farm, 200 acres, including farm tools, on easy terms.

Address

E. M. WALLER
6312 N. Park Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY F. MILLER

GRAND-UPRIGHT-PLAYER

PIANOS

(A line of our own exclusive manufacture. Catalogues and complete information mailed on request.)

Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Co.

25 Forest Avenue - Portland, Maine

RALPH W. E. HUNT, MANAGER

(Victrolas and Victor Records)

CHURCH SUPPLIES

Responsible Houses

and

Reliable Goods

HURCH PEWS
EMORIAL WINDOWS Get in touch with us for anything you need in the above lines. We can satisfy you both in ity and price; and guarantee satisfaction. Send for illustrated booklet and catalogue. The George W. e Company, 86 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Memorial Windows

ALFRED M. BELL COMPANY

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand lars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited. The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or queathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money l be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON, *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
Boston, Mass.

Reports, Year Books, Programs

And all Printing worth Doing Well

WALLACE SPOONER

81-89 Bristol St., Boston, Mass.

Burdett College

18 Boylston St., Boston

A Modern School of Commerce

Courses: Business, Accountancy, Shorthand, Combined, Secretarial, Normal, Business Administration.

Founded 1889 **Send for Catalog.**

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

No. 1

Neatly printed in purple ink on best edding stock; folds in envelope to match rice 60 cents per dozen.

No. 2

Booklet form. Contains the Winchester Profession, Articles of Faith and the ovenant as recommended by the General onvention. In envelope. **Price 15 nts per copy.**

NIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Educational

Tufts College

JOHN A. COUSENS

President

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS
JACKSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
THE CRANE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
AND, IN BOSTON
THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS

For catalogue, address the Dean of the respective department, or

The Registrar, Tufts College, Mass.

P. O. Address for the Medical and Dental Schools
416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dean Academy

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Dean Academy is an endowed boarding school for young men and young women, offering exceptional advantages for education in every department of broad culture. Its buildings are commodious and thoroughly equipped for school work and for home-like living. Its courses fit for any college or scientific school, and it has courses, also, fitting for practical life. A large corps of instructors, able and experienced. Courses in Music, Art, and Speaking under special instructors. The atmosphere of the school is homelike and helpful, and the spirit of the students is enthusiastic and loyal. A commodious gymnasium with competent instruction provides for the physical well-ebing. The school has a new Science building with well-equipped laboratories, a domestic science department for girls, admirably equipped, with an able instructor. Delightfully located in a clean and beautiful New England town. The income from a large fund is expended for the benefit of the pupils and makes the terms very reasonable. For catalogue address the Principal,

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D.,
Franklin, Mass.

Goddard Seminary

Barre, Vermont

An excellent co-educational boarding school delightfully situated in one of the best communities of the state.

Modern and adequate equipment.

A traditionally strong school spirit.

Carefully selected corps of capable teachers.

Thoro gh courses preparing for college.

Instruction in Elocution, Piano, Voice, Business and Languages by specialists.

Buildings in attractive condition. Visitors welcome.

Write for catalogue to

RUSSELL L. DAVISON, A. B., Principal.

Lombard College

GALESBURG, ILL.

The only Universalist College west of New York State

Lombard offers Academic, Scientific and Music courses leading to Bachelor degrees.

We invite correspondence with men and women contemplating a college course.

JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, LL. D., *President*

Ryder Divinity School

If any one wants to prepare for the Universalist Ministry at the
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
at an expense easily met, write to

DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER
1365 East 60th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Fall term opens Oct. 2

Westbrook Seminary

Portland, Maine

offers

Broad courses for college preparatory or culture education. Special departments for commercial training, musical appreciation, and household management.

Graduate courses leading to degrees for young women who can not undertake a full college course.

A fine group of buildings splendidly situated. Unusual opportunity for young people to obtain rounded and normal development.

The highest possible standards at the lowest possible cost.

Address, ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt. D

The St. Lawrence University

Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, President

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Courses leading to the Degrees of B. A. and B. S.
Edwin Lee Hulett, M. A., Dean

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of B. D.
Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean

BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of LL. B
Dr. Wm. Payson Richardson, Dean.

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

Granting Certificates of Graduation
Roland Hale Verbeck, B. S., Director

Crackling

If the fuel crisis continues William Hohenzollern may get more for his woodpile than he did for his memoirs.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

A "brain-worker" nowadays is a man who is trying to figure out how he can get his winter's coal without mortgaging his home.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* *

Whenever Lloyd George has a generous moment, he forgives Germany a little more of the debt she owes France.—*Bethlehem Globe.*

* *

"Did you have to pay anything to that man you ran over the other day?"

"No—he happened to be a relation of my husband's, fortunately!"—*London Opinion.*

* *

It is rumored that Mr. De Valera has on several occasions eluded capture by disguising himself as an Irishman.—*Punch.*

* *

Mrs. Brown: "Yer ain't lookin' too happy to-day, Mrs. Jones. What's up?"

Mrs. Jones: "What's up? Jones has been promising all the week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!"—*Highway Engineer and Contractor.*

* *

Newsboy (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant): "Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

Gentleman: "No! I am Edgar Guest himself."

Newsboy: "Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?"—*Writer's Monthly.*

* *

The bills had come in for building the young couple's home.

"George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!"

"Don't worry," said the young husband. "I expected they would be."

"But, George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that!"—*Argonaut.*

* *

Defending Counsel: "Think, gentlemen of the jury, my client is so deaf that he only hears the voice of conscience with difficulty."—*Korsaren (Christiania).*

* *

Wanted—To Rent— Lady—Elderly refined room and kitchenette in modern home prefer place with lady alone for company. Phone R—*Classified ad in the Topeka Capital.*

* *

"The lungs are best expanded by deep breathing," says one of our most brilliant medical men. This is much better than using a glove-stretcher for the purpose.—*Punch (London).*

A Layman's Religion

By Roger Sherman Galer

President of the Universalist General Convention

A thoughtful and suggestive study of the elemental verities in terms of present knowledge of the universe and modern understanding of life.

Price, $1.00

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Wayside and Fireside Rambles

This is a book of great refinement in thought, style, manufacture and illustration . . . written with much beauty and finish of style, a good deal of descriptive power, and a nice feeling for comedy and humor.—*New York Independent.*

There is a happy mingling of the serious and the humorous which makes a work of this kind very restful and entertaining.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Price $1.00, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston

Soul and Body

SERMONS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

By Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.

Of more than common merit is the volume "Soul and Body." Ample illustration, ethical earnestness, and common sense characterize the whole. One who begins to read it is likely to read it through.—*The Outlook.*

It is one of those common-sense, practical books that mean so much to so many people. The chapter on "The Soul's Healing Power" carries to the reader the doctrine of hope and self help in a most healthy way. —*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

Price $1.00, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston

The Palace of Mirrors

By Rev. J. Frank Thompson

This is a book of many virtues. It deals with great things and small in such familiar grasp that the widest problems of the heart become practical and the lightest concerns important. All mothers will find it a happy co-laborer in the rearing of children, and there is no better book to have in the bedroom of a boy or a girl. The book is cheerful, hopeful and inspiring.

Price 50 cents, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston